



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

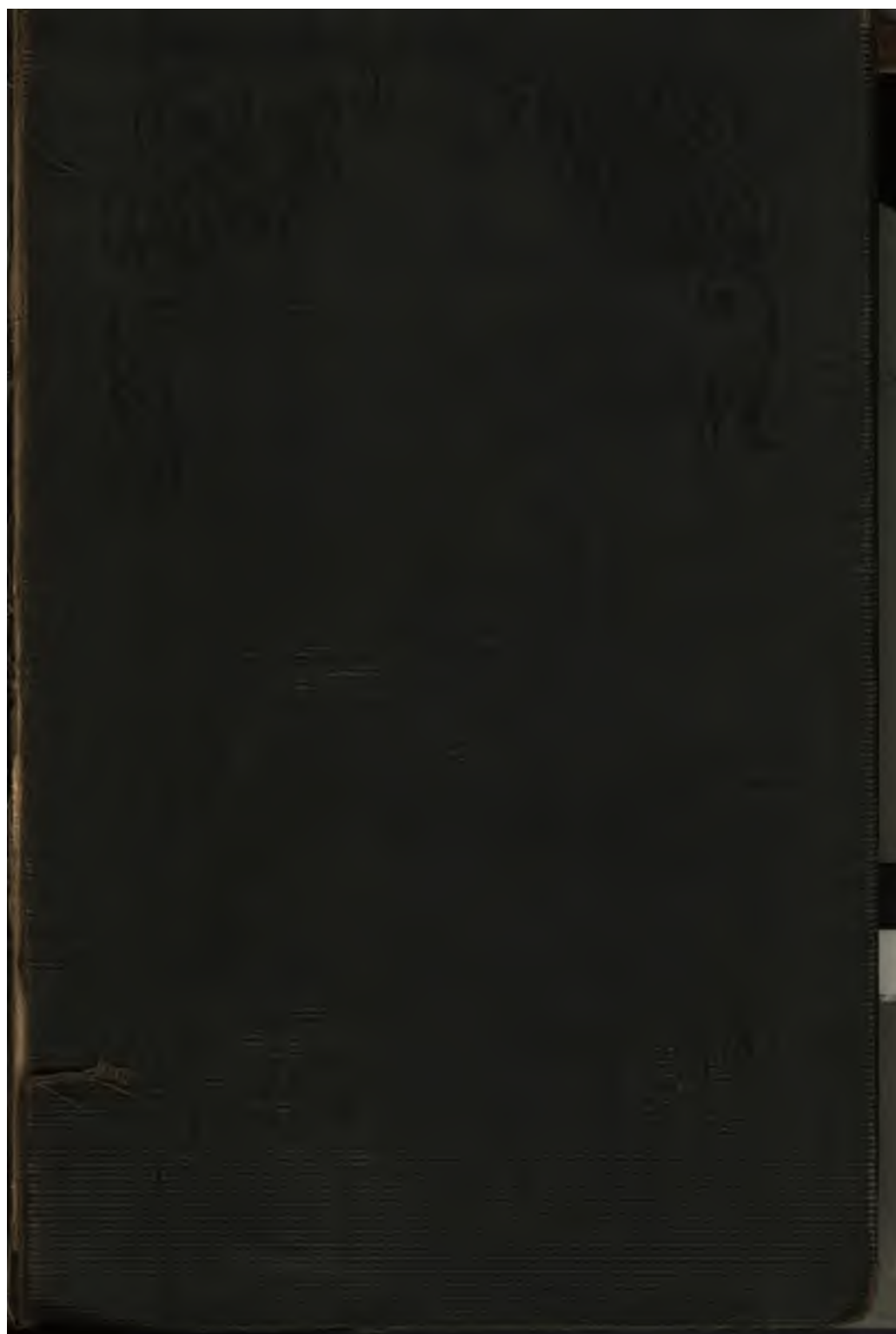
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



39.

960.





THE MODERN LITERATURE
OF
FRANCE.

THE
MODERN LITERATURE
OF
FRANCE.



BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS,
MEMBER OF THE FRENCH STATISTICAL AND AGRICULTURAL
SOCIETIES, &c. &c.
AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ALFRED DE ROSANN," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON: GEORGE HENDERSON.

MDCCCXXXIX.

960.

LONDON:
J. C. HENDERSON, PRINTER, BANNER SQUARE.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

CHAPTER. I.

VICTOR HUGO.

Extract : Chants du Crepuscule—Prelude . . .	19
Ode, written after July, 1830 . . .	24
Ode to the Column of Napoleon . . .	35
Hymn . . .	46
Marriages and Feasts . . .	48
Ode on Napoleon II. . . .	52
Lines written on the Ball at the Hotel de Ville . .	61
Ode to Canaris . . .	64
To the Man who betrayed a Woman to her foes. .	69

II.

JULES LACROIX.

Extract : The Death-Bed . . .	81
-------------------------------	----

III.

JULES JANIN.

Extract : The Orphan . . .	103
----------------------------	-----

IV.

DE BERENGER.

Extract : The Veteran Corporal . . .	129
Song . . .	132
The Reminiscences of the People . . .	134

CHAPTER V.

DE TOCQUEVILLE AND MICHEL CHEVALIER.

1. La Democratie en Amerique. 2. Lettres sur l'Amerique du Nord	138
--	-----

VI.

DE JOUFFROY.

Extract : The Castle of Lueg	186
--	-----

VII.

CHARLES NODIER.

Extract : Blue-Stockings	241
------------------------------------	-----

VIII.

MICHEL RAYMOND.

Extract : The Buccaneer	269
-----------------------------------	-----

IX.

NATIONAL AIRS, SONGS, POETRY, &c.

La Parisienne	293
La Marseillaise	296
Blue Eyes	299
My Bark so True	301
The Beautiful Portrait	302
Lines	303
Song	305
Drinking Song	306
The Marriageable Daughter	307
The Nightingale	309

THE
MODERN LITERATURE
OF
FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

VICTOR HUGO.

WE are now about to enter upon the most difficult section of that task which we have imposed upon ourselves. Hitherto we have sketched the novelist, the dramatist, and the poet, separately: we have now to consider them all united in one individual. In each branch has he performed achievements which have astonished not only his most intimate friends and partial admirers; but also his enemies themselves. His success in the literary world has been created as much by his courage as his talents. Whether he were hissed at the theatre or vituperated in the public newspapers—whether his dramas were disapproved by a miscellaneous audience, or whether his books were the subject of a severe and unsparing *critique* in the leading

journals of the day—Victor Hugo was alike calm and undismayed. He knew the intrinsic merits of his own productions—he saw that in many instances his meaning was either not understood, or misinterpreted—he felt that the man who now enters upon a literary career, is more than liable, for he is almost certain, to be deemed an imitator of one or more of his thousand predecessors or contemporaries—he determined to prosecute his studies and his labours till he could convince the world of the originality of his genius—and patience and perseverance at length crowned his toils with a success which even his own sanguine disposition could hardly have hoped to attain. Following in the wake of Walter Scott, in respect to his novels,—entering upon the same field with De Lamartine and Cassimir Delavigne, as regarded his poetry,—and issuing from obscurity upon the dramatic arena occupied by Alexandre Dumas and a host of others of the same school, what was the fate that might have been anticipated for the enthusiastic adventurer, who aspired at being considered a great novelist, a great poet, and a great dramatist? Those, whose imaginations are the most prone to cherish a firm belief in the El Dorados, the aërial eastles, and the golden visions of hope, could have seen

nothing but the clouds of a complete failure in the horizon of the career thus boldly and rashly entered upon. All Europe was charmed with the magnificent romances of the genius of the North,—all Europe had wept or sighed with De Lamartine and Byron,—and in Paris, Dumas and his imitators swayed the sceptre of the stage. Then came Victor Hugo, determined to wean a portion of the attention of Europe away from Scott, to attract it towards himself,—resolved to melt the hearts of those upon whose lips was found nought but the verse of Byron and Lamartine,—and vowing to share the dramatic throne with Alexandre Dumas. Had Napoleon, when he wrested Toulon from the hands of the English, imagined that he had laid down the stepping stone to the imperial seat, he would have been laughed at as a visionary enthusiast or an unmitigated mad-man; and yet the prospects which Hugo possessed of accomplishing *his* aims, were as distant and difficult as those which we just supposed in reference to Bonaparte.

And how has Victor Hugo succeeded? His romantic genius was appalled by no literary undertaking—he shrank from no labour, however difficult, however lofty, however diversified the subject. He wrote historical novels, and in *one* he

ably competed with the great Northern writer now no more: he wrote poetry, and his name is well worthy of forming the Lepidus of the triumvirate, of which Byron and Lamartine are the Augustus and the Antony; he wrote plays, and M. Dumas felt that he was a rival. A few short years were sufficient to crown all his most sanguine hopes; and though the ages of romance have yielded to brighter ones, in which facts are less darkened by the shadows of gloom—of terror—and of mystery, which the votaries of the Radcliffe and the Maturin school, following the examples of their German predecessors, were delighted to mingle amongst the incidents of their tales,—though Hugo revived the exploded style, and introduced fresh horrors to the world instead of the light, the witty, and the captivating novels so successfully produced by his contemporaries,—he nevertheless gathered a mighty audience around him—he found hundreds of thousands of admirers—and he boldly declared himself the patron of a school whose decay had not previously been deplored. Had he attempted to re-establish the physics of Descartes—the theories of Leibnitz—the system of Tycho Brahé—or the visions of Berkely, he would still have collected disciples and apologists—defenders and believers—vo-

taries and imitators—friends and admirers, by the fervour of his enthusiasm, the inflexibility of his resolution, and the eloquence of the language in which his arguments were clothed.

Like the bee vacillating from flower to flower, whence it collects the varied stores that are soon to become the delight of men, Hugo abandoned for a time his novels and his poems, flew to the other resources of his richly-endowed mind, and presented his dramas to the world. But in these he was not so eminently successful as the strength of his former writings had seemed to prognosticate. And at this we can scarcely marvel; for the minds of a theatrical audience are not to be judged by those of a multitude perusing volumes in a *boudoir*, or a library—a study, or a news-room; and that mystic vein of romance—that soul-harrowing interest—that “pleasing pain”—that love of everything terrible, which pervaded his novels, did not find admirers in his dramas.

Victor Hugo, when he began his career, had no small share of vanity to gratify; and, as he gradually became more and more famous, this failing—if a failing in great men the inducement to emulation can be called—required more important holocausts to appease its cravings. He understood his

own powers, and felt that he was soon to be the master, instead of *one*, of a sect. To have been a member of a party, would have been to acknowledge a superior; and this was a degradation in the mind of Victor Hugo to which he would not stoop. What was he then to do? One alternative alone remained,—he must raise himself to be the chief of a sect. Then fresh difficulties came in his way: was he to dethrone a brother author to establish himself? No—his mind, though proud and vain, was noble and generous: and, a Napoleon in literature, he created his own school and presided over it. This was a grand achievement, and well worthy of the author of *Notre Dame de Paris* and the *Chants du Crepuscule*!

Hugo has made inroads into the purses of Parisian publishers as deep as almost any contemporary writer: but great has been the interest, and great the compound interest, reaped by his booksellers. For the first edition of his drama of *Hernani*, independently of his theatrical privileges, he received four hundred pounds sterling; and for the first edition of *Notre Dame de Paris*, when he was as it were unknown to the public, six hundred. He has however several times printed his works, or editions of them, at his own expense, and interested a

bookseller in their sale. Renduel, the publisher of the edition of *Notre Dame de Paris* in Paris, with engravings (we believe it was the fifth), paid him two thousand four hundred pounds for that edition and for the *Chants du Crepuscule* at the same time.

We shall now proceed to consider and dissect the subject of this notice, in his three characteristic branches; we shall present Victor Hugo to the reader, first—as the novelist, secondly—as the poet, and thirdly—as the dramatist.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that his principal novel is the *Notre Dame de Paris*,—that extraordinary work, which was written or conceived in Spain; and which frequently betrays the Spanish warmth of the author—that romance, which stands as an isolated book amidst the thousands and tens of thousands that issued from the press in the same year—that volume, which appeals to your most secret feelings, and imparts its sentiments to the very inmost recesses of your soul—that faithful picture of an age, of characters, and of places, which had already formed the subject of a novel where Scott fell far short of the young Frenchman—that fiction, which haunts the mind like a terrible dream! It is in this book that the reader meets with Esmeralda—the obscure girl, around whose destinies is

thrown a halo of interest which queens could never create—the itinerant dancing-maiden, accompanied by her goat which she tutors to form with cards the name of her lover—the beautiful virgin, whose charms rivet the hearts of the priest, the misshapen dwarf, and the rude soldier—the despised, the wandering, the innocent Esmeralda, who dies upon a scaffold because she will not hearken to the seductive language of the priest ! It is also in this book, that the reader meets with a sublime soul shut up in a hideous body—fine feelings enclosed in a revolting form—a noble heart concealed by a misshapen exterior—a tender bosom belonging to one of those monsters which Nature only produces from time to time to render her other works more lovely by the force of contrast. Again, it is in this book that we meet with the knight of the olden time—the savage, brutal, lustful, and selfish warrior—instead of the gentle, the courtly, the protecting, and the noble-minded hero whom Walter Scott so erroneously represented as the boast of those ages : here we have him in his true colours, divested of his disguise, and presented to us in all the nakedness of truth. The knights of Scott are the creations of a benevolent and kind imagination ; those of Victor Hugo are the offspring

of uncompromising and stubborn truth. Lastly, it is in this same book that the author has traced that picture of the priest, which, once gazed upon, never can be forgotten. Years could not efface the scenes and incidents of this romance from the mind of him who had once perused and comprehended them. The reminiscences of the beauteous Esmeralda—the amorous priest, Claude Frollo—the wretched bell-ringer of Notre Dame, Quasimodo, the dwarf—the selfish Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers—the bereaved Gudulle,—and the various historical characters introduced upon the stage of this remarkable narrative, leave too deep an impression upon the mind to be very readily obliterated. The mighty towers of Notre Dame, which seemed like the shadows of two giants to Claude Frollo in his midnight wandering—the dark streets of Paris, in those times filled with murderers, robbers, and villains of every kind—the Place de Grêve, rendered hideous by the gibbets which stood in the midst—the laboratory of the priest in the northern tower of the Cathedral—the humble dwelling of Esmeralda, to which she introduces the fugitive Gringoire, who sought an asylum—all these are described in a manner which at once denote the skilful architect and the graphic novelist, the able artist and the

acute observer of the human race. And then the scenes and the incidents of this remarkable work—the midnight encounter of Esmeralda and Phœbus for the first time—the girl, now dancing to an admiring crowd, then presenting a cup of water to Quasimodo upon the *carcan*—the interview between Claude Frollo and his spendthrift brother—the exhibition of Esmeralda and her goat in the presence of Phœbus and his cousins—the meeting between Phœbus and Esmeralda, when the virtue of the latter is only saved from the lusts of the warrior by the assassin-dagger of the jealous priest—the conversations of Louis XI. with his gossip Tristan—the sanctuary sought by the poor Bohemian girl, the beautiful but persecuted Esmeralda, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame—that terrible midnight ramble of the priest, in which all the feelings that harrowed up his soul are so faithfully and so painfully delineated—the alternatives proposed by him to the object of his desires—her refusal to prostitute her charms to him whom she does not love—the vengeance of old Gudulle, who detests the wandering girl because she belongs to a race a tribe of which once robbed her of her daughter—the delivery of Esmeralda into the hands of her persecutors—the discovery of Gudulle that Esmeralda

is the daughter whom she lost, and whom she has betrayed to death—the execution of the lovely creature, the brightest being that imagination ever formed, or reality could boast of—the anxiety with which Claude Frollo watches her death from the Northern Tower of Notre Dame—the vengeance of Quasimodo, who pushes the priest over the parapet—the agony with which the priest clings to a leaden pipe above the terrible abyss beneath him—the gradient but approaching fate to which the priest is inevitably doomed—his fall and death—the marriage of Phœbus to one of his cousins—and the marriage of Quasimodo to Esmeralda, or rather the union of their two skeletons in the cemetery of death—these are the outlines, these are the leading incidents of this wonderful romance.

Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné is a painful detail of the pangs, the sufferings, and the mental anguish of a malefactor during the last day of his existence in this world. It is a book, every word of which is a sentence, every line a volume, and every page a history of excruciating and agonizing feelings. It is a catalogue of every pang which accompanies every pulsation of a heart that must soon cease to beat. It is a delineation of every throb of the arteries—every drop of blood

that circulates through the veins—every motion of the brain—every effort of the imagination. It tells the life of a man in one day, of which the minutes are the years, and the moments are the hours; for every minute, and every moment of that existence of a day is fraught with the incident and appalling interest created by pang, anguish, agony, and horror. It is a book too terrible to be perused more than once—too remarkable not to be perused at all—and too true ever to be forgotten. It seems as if it had been written by an individual upon the scaffold of the guillotine, gazing into the basket that is to receive his gory head, and knowing that the hand of the executioner is upon the cord which will draw down the fatal hatchet upon his neck!

Hans d'Islande and *Bug Jargal* are works in the same style, without a quarter of the merits, which characterise these just mentioned. The hero of the former is a species of human monster—that of the latter is a horrible negro.

Let us now speak of M. Hugo as the poet; and it is as the poet, that we intend to introduce him most intimately to our readers. His principal poetic works are the *Feuilles d'Automne*, the *Odes et Ballades*, the *Orientales*, and the *Chants du Crépuscule*. These works are merely collections of a

variety of fugitive pieces, bearing more or less analogy to the heads under which they are respectively gathered. His verses are harmonious; but his meaning is often obscure, and his satire robbed by mystification of half its point. He is nevertheless a true poet—possessing the inspirations, the soul, the feelings, and the dreams of a poet. When he commits his thoughts to paper in the garb of verse, prose is forgotten;—the measure, the music, the ideas, the sentiments—all are poetry. The reader is carried along with the bard, as if he were in the shallop of some enchanting fairy, and riding upon a river flowing rapidly he cares not whither, because the banks are covered with flowers, the stream is clear and beautiful, the sky is pure and cloudless above his head, Nature is serene around, and his companion's song falls like the harmony of a heavenly choir upon his ears. If Hugo smile, we must smile with him; if he weep, we must share his sorrow. With him we are ready to anathematize Deutz, who betrayed the Duchess de Berri; and with him we are prepared to curse Louvel, the murderer of her husband! We enter into the spirit of his grief at the downfall of Charles the Tenth; and we gladly walk hand-in-hand with him to the foot of that shrine where he offers up the

incense of his praise and admiration to Napoleon and his son. We feel our hearts vibrate in every chord to his appeal to our sympathies: we are melancholy, passionate, exalted, or depressed as he wills it. He is a magician with a sceptre that holds despotic government over our souls; if the Genius of Poetry were the only god, he would make us converts to the faith. In his hands the art assumes that divine aspect with which great and true poets alone can embellish it: he shows us the difference between poesy and prose. Were the *Feuilles d'Automne*, the *Odes et Ballades*, the *Orientales*, or the *Chants du Crepuscule*, divested of their rhymes, their measure, and their methodical arrangement, they would still be poetry. Let them be printed as they may—let their sentiments, their ideas, and their metaphors, be clothed in language which obeys no shackles of rhyme or metre, and they would not be prose. They are poetry—and can neither be felt, read, nor appreciated otherwise than as poetry. But not the poetry of school-boys, album-writers, and love-sick swains—not the mere jingle of harmonious sounds, nor the combination of extravagant ideas and high-flown figures of rhetoric—nor the bombastic declamation of one who fancies himself to be a poet, because he *thinks* in fine language,—

oh! no—the poetry of Victor Hugo is the out-pouring of a mind that is fraught with admiration of the wonders of Nature and of God, and that is formed of all noble, generous, and amiable feelings.

The work, to which we shall particularly direct the attention of our readers, is the *Chants du Crépuscule*, or “Songs of Twilight,” the nature of which we shall leave the author to describe himself, by quoting his own Preface to that remarkable collection of Odes, Songs, and Miscellaneous Poems.

“The stanzas at the commencement of this volume,” says the Preface, “explain the spirit of the whole. The prelude indicates the nature of the Songs. In the present age, everything—whether ideal or fact; whether connected with society in general, or with a single individual—everything is in a state of twilight. But of what species is that twilight? Oh! who shall solve so profound a mystery—the most sublime of all those that are agitated during times of doubt and uncertainty? Mankind is waiting the event of much that darkens the horizon around us. What else can we say?”

“As far as regards this work intrinsically, the author will explain no more. Wherefore should he notice the slight similitude between this and his other productions? ’Tis ever the same thought in

a different language—the same wave elevated by other winds—the same forehead with other wrinkles—the same existence with another date!

“But of this enough! The author only suffers personal allusions to remain in his work, because they are analogous with those that are general. He believes not that it is worth while to appreciate his motives otherwise: for however that motive be construed, the real one is always to be found in the pages of this book. Still he is very far from considering its contents as an universal development of the human mind: much of those contents is composed of reverie and dream.

“The chief aim of the author in the following poems, and the principal groundwork of their subject, is the representation of that strange predicament of twilight in which the human mind, and society in general, are involved—a mist without, and doubt within—a species of illuminated fog that envelopes us. Hence, in this work, may the reader account for those ebullitions of hope mingled with uncertainty—those tender couplets concluded with others of complaint—that calmness touched with melancholy—those sighs of delight—that feebleness suddenly reviving—that resigned infelicity—that profound sorrow exciting the very surface of

the sea of poetry—those serene contemplations of political tumults—those holy wanderings from public to domestic matters—the dread lest all should proceed darkly in the world—and then those intervals of joyous and burning hope that the human species yet may flourish to excel! In this book, therefore—small though it be, when compared with the vast magnitude of its subject—there are a thousand discrepancies—lustre and obscurity, which pervade all we see, and all we can conceive in this age of twilight, which envelope our political theories—our religious opinions—our domestic life, and which are even discovered in the histories we write of others, as well as those we write of ourselves.

“It barely remains for the author here to add, that he himself, in this age of research and of change—in this epoch when discussion is so violent, so positive, and so profound, that there is scarcely aught to hear, and scarcely aught to comprehend or to applaud, beyond the monosyllables, *Yes* and *No*—he himself is neither one of those who believe, nor of those who deny. He is among them that hope!”

We are thus informed, in this singular Preface, that the object of the “Songs of Twilight” is to show how the present age hovers so strangely between a state of barbarism and a state of civilization

—how the mind of man and society in general are so enveloped in a species of enlightened gloom, doubt and conviction, hope and fear, dread and callousness, knowledge and ignorance, freedom and slavery, that the predicament of the world resembles twilight. And is the French writer far wrong? Man is indeed in a twilight state at this period: the contradictions which exist in his works, his systems, and his morals, prove this fact almost to demonstration. For instance, we derive the greater portion of our Bible from the Jews; and yet the descendants of God's chosen people are so thoroughly despised and abominated in England, that they are not allowed to assist in any government affairs. Slavery is not abolished in the United States—the freest of free countries. Man calls himself Lord of the Creation: individually he is one of the weakest and most impotent denizens of earth. The English say, “The King can do no wrong;” and yet he is not only mortal as well as we, but from his peculiar situation far more liable to succumb to temptation than any of us. Gaming-house frequenters are looked upon as bad characters: stock-jobbers are called plodding upright men. Schoolboys read the poem of Lucretius: whereas the works of Spinoza, Holback, Palmer, and Mezier,

are religiously concealed from them. A child may be, and has been, imprisoned in England for *contempt* of those laws which he is not old enough to read, much less to understand. But it were useless to dwell farther upon this subject: enough has been said to demonstrate how the world is composed of contradictions. And yet all is exquisitely connected together by a grand invisible chain—the links of which are numberless and imperceptible—a chain that circumvents space, passes by thousands of glittering worlds, traverses the realms of millions of suns—of planets—and of moons, and stops only at the footstool of the Divinity!

We shall now proceed to lay a few specimens of the *Chants du Crepuscule* before the reader, beginning with the Prelude or Introduction, which is only a beautiful poetic paraphrase or echo of the Preface we are now quoted.

PRELUDE.

I.

How shall I note thee, line of troubled years
Which mark th' existence of our little span?
One constant twilight in the heaven appears—
One constant twilight in the mind of man!

Creed, hope, anticipation, and despair,
Form but a mingling, as of day and night :
The globe, surrounded by deceptive air,
Is all enveloped in that same twilight.

And thought is deadened by the evening breeze ;—
The shepherd's songs, or maiden's in her bower,
Mix with the rustling of the neighb'ring trees,
Within whose foliage vegetates a flower.

Yes—all unites ! The winding path that leads
Through fields where verdure meets the trav'ller's eye ;
The river's margin, crowned with graceful reeds ;
The chant of anthems echoing to the sky ;

The ivy clust'ring round the ruined tower ;
The wind unwelcome to the pilot's ear ;
The lordly equipage, at midnight hour,
Led into danger by the charioteer ;

The votaries of Satan or of Jove ;
The wretched mendicant absorbed in woe ;
The din of multitudes that onward move ;
The voice of conscience in the heart below ;

The waves, which thou, O Lord ! alone can'st still ;
Th' elastic air ; the streamlet on its way ;
And all that man projects, or sov'reigns will ;
Or things inanimate might seem to say ;

The strain of gondoliers in passing by ;
The lively barks that o'er the waters bound ;
The trees that lift their foliage to the sky ;
The wailing voice that fills the cots around ;

And man, who studies with an aching heart—
For now, when smiles are scarcely deemed sincere,
In vain the sceptic bids his doubts depart—
Those doubts at length will arguments appear !

Hence, reader, know the subject of my song—
A mystic age, resembling twilight's gloom,
Wherein we smile at births, or bear along,
With noiseless steps, a victim to the tomb !

II.

Now, vot'ries of the Muses, turn your eyes
Unto the East, and say what there appears :
“ Alas ! ” the voice of Poesy replies.
“ Mystic's that light between the hemispheres !

“ Yes—dread's the mystic light in yonder heaven—
Dread is the light behind the distant hill ;
Like feeble flashes o'er the welkin driven,
When the far thunder seems as it were still !

“ But who can tell if that uncertain glare
Be Phœbus' self,* adorned with golden vest ;

* These stanzas allude to Victor Hugo himself, and to his *Orientales*.

Or if illusions, pregnant in the air,
Have drawn our glances to the radiant west ?
“ Haply the sun-set has deceived the sight—
Perchance 'tis evening, while we wait the morn :
Bewildered in the mazes of twilight,
That lucid sun-set may appear a dawn !”

III.

Say, Lord !—for thou canst tell—is that the Sun
To which all eyes their anxious glances cast ?
Is that th' expected orb they look upon ?
And are those beams the primal, or the last ?
Are they, for whom that unknown sun is bright,
Unborn as yet, or winding on their way ?
Are we, invested by this sad twilight,
To feel the blessing of its cheering ray ?
There is a gentle hum—a murm'ring sound—
Is it the wings of them that soon must dwell
In other realms, amid a space profound ?
Or is it Earth that sorrowing says, “ Farewell ?”
That gentle sound which falls upon the ear,
Soft as a breath, and sweet as lover's tale ?
Is it the token of an Eden near ?
Or is it Earth that gladd'ning sings, “ All hail ?”
The forests rustle, and the bird's shrill song
Re-echoes loudly—and the sounding main

Mixes with music, as it rolls along,
And leaves to doubt the motive of the strain.

Oh! in such hours Philosophy may teach
Calmness but vainly to the soul of man :
Useless for hoary fanatics to preach
From ancient books their eyes can scarcely scan.

Alas! for fruitlessly the priest essays
T' explain the acts of a mysterious heaven :
Involv'd in doubt are all th' Omniscient's ways—
The threat is *here*—but *there's* the promise given !

Wherefore thus linger on so sad a theme,
Since Fate, against whose mandates none may strive,
Carries us on with Time's eternal stream,
Nor recks for them that die, nor them that live !

But, ah ! within the Eastern quadrature,
What murm'ring sound re-echoes from the skies ?
Will that dread lustre vanish or endure ?
Will darkness come, or will the morning rise ?

And, turning tow'rds the East, the poet's ear
Alike collects the murmurs that abound—
The din of multitudes—the sigh of fear—
The heav'nly warnings that re-echo round—

The poet's song, where bitterness is rife,
Describes them all. Yes—all are here betrayed—

The woes—the reveries—the joys of life—
 All—all that passes in this twilight shade !

Such is the prelude of this work—a prelude which speaks volumes in respect to the poetic genius, the vanity, and the peculiar love of mysticism, of this great poet. The next extract from the *Chants du Crepuscule*, which we shall make, will be the

ODE,
 WRITTEN AFTER JULY, 1830.

I.

O friends of your country, immortal in story,
 Adorned with the laurels ye won in the fight ;
 When thousands around you fell covered with glory,
 Ye turned not away from the enemy's might ;
 But ye raised up your banners all tattered and torn,
 Like those that your sires had at Austerlitz borne.

Ye have rivalled those sires—ye have conquered for France ;
 The rights of the people from tyrants are saved !
 Ye beckoned to Freedom—ye saw her advance—
 And danger was laughed at, and peril was braved.
 Then, if they were admired who destroyed the Bastille,
 What for you should not France in her gratitude feel ?

Ye are worthy your fathers—your souls are the same—
 Ye add to their glory, their pride, and renown ;

Your arms are well nerved—ye are noted by Fame
 That the laurel and oak may unite for your crown.
 Your mother—'tis France, who for ever will be
 The mother of heroes—the great—and the free !

E'en England the jealous, and Greece the poetic—
 All Europe admired—and the great Western World
 Arose to applaud with a heart sympathetic,
 When it marked the French banners of freedom unfurled.

Three days were sufficient to shake off the chain,
 And ye proved yourselves friends to your country again.

'Twas for you that your ancestors traced round the earth
 The circle of conquest, triumphant and glorious,
 Which, extending to Cairo, from France took its birth,
 And proceeded through slaughter, but ever victorious :
 'Twas for you they encountered the Muscovite snows,
 Or in Italy plucked for their trophies the rose !

Oh ! Offspring of heroes—and children of fame,
 Applaud the achievements your sire did before you ;
 Extend their renown while ye honour their name,
 And fight for the banners that proudly wave o'er you :
 Remember, Napoleon has oft cast his eye
 Through the long serried ranks of the French chivalry !

Thou—Herald of Jupiter ! Eagle of France !
 'Tis thou that hast carried our thunders afar :

With thee for a sign did our armies advance—

With thee as their symbol they went to the war !
Look around thee—rejoice ! for the sons of thy land
Are worthy the sires that thou erst didst command !

II.

Too long by tyrant hand restrained,
Too long in slavery enchained,
Paris awoke from recreant rest,
And each his thoughts at once exprest :—
“ Vainly may despots now essay
To lead a mighty race astray ;
True to themselves, the French shall bring
Such treason home unto the King !

“ No sooner is the watch-word spoken,
Than chain and shackle both are broken :
Oh ! yes—and in our hearts beneath,
We laugh at gags between the teeth.
Although the King retired may dwell,
Silence he never can compel !
The flame that burns is quenched at will—
But who a nation's tongue shall still ?
Immured within his palace-wall,
The King shall heark the cry of Gaul !

“ What ! all that we have toiled to gain,
And all our sires—must this be vain ?
The labours of a mighty race

To fall before a tyrant's face !
And are the Charters of the Free
Regarded as a reverie
By him, whose arbitrary hand
Would bind in chains a noble land ?
Ere half a century be gone,
Fair Liberty, thy work 's undone !

“ Was it for tyrants that we saw
Napoleon give the world his law ?
Was it for slav'ry's sons that he
Upreared the brand of Victory ?
Was it a despot's throne to raise
That, like the Greeks of ancient days,
Our fathers fought to gain or die,
Braver than Rome's proud progeny ?
Or that the cities of the foe
Shared in the gen'ral overthrow ?

“ Ah ! they who, proud of pomp and state,
Deem that we dread their potentate—
They mark not their approaching fate ;
They tremble not, nor see the gloom
That darkly menaces their doom :
By arrogance and wealth made blind,
Onward they rush—nor look behind :—
The thunders roll—too late to save,
For France has drawn the gleaming glaive !”

III.

And France has awakened from stupor profound,
And the watch-word has rais'd all her champions around ;
And the din of their weapons struck loud on the ear,
As it hearkened the tread of the cavalry near.
But the tyrant has marshalled his warriors in vain,
And his culverins thundered again and again,
For the stones, that the citizens tore from the street
Laid the cohorts of royalty dead at their feet !
And their numbers increased—for they fought to be free,
And they poured on the foe like the waves of the sea ;
While the din of the tocsin, that echoed on high,
Was drowned in the fervour of liberty's cry.

IV.

Three dismal days the battle raged—
Three weary nights the war was waged :
Iëna's lance was bathed in gore—
The banner showed its dyes no more !
Vainly the King might re-inforce
His arms with chosen troops of horse ;
To meet a certain overthrow,
Headlong the royal squadrons go ;
And as they one by one drop dead,
They seem like leaves by Autumn shed !

The tyrant has left you with sorrow and anguish,
Fair city—the glory of France and the world !

Three days have elapsed since in chains you did languish ;
You have fought—you have won—and your banners
are furled.

And wise were your counsels succeeding the strife—
For Revenge even smiled with the rest,
When Clemency bade her surrender the knife,
Ere 'twas plunged in the enemy's breast !

Ask ye why Paris gained the day ?—
Her choicest offspring formed th' array,
That hurled the tyrant from his sky,
And broke the bonds of slavery !
Henceforth, whatever ills await,
One gen'ral feeling guards the state :
Oh ! let us then the period bless
That raised us up from nothingness,
And, casting off our servile chain,
Proclaimed us freemen once again !

The friends of the monarch with him are o'erthrown—
'Tis thus that a people its rights will defend ;
For if Fate have determined the fall of a crown,
The schemes of the council accomplish the end.
The wretches ! they deemed in their insolent pride,
That France to their sceptre would bow ;
But the Lord found them light when their balance was
tried,
And reduced them to what they are now !

O Muse ! forget not in thy lay
Those citizens who bore away
Dread testimony of the fray—
The ghastly wounds that mark the brave,
Descending with them to the grave
Prepared in holy G  n  vieve !*
And while unto his tomb we bring
The ashes of our slaughtered King,
We'll consecrate the trophy high
Rais'd to Napoleon's memory !

V.

And here let me rest for a time to deplore
The race of old monarchs which now is no more,
Which exile brought back, and which exile deposed—
Oh ! yes—let us weep how its grandeur has closed !
And e'en let compassion be found in each heart,
As the last of that race turns away to depart !

It rent my soul—I remember well—
When I said to that ag  d King, " Farewell !"
For I would not insult the old man's pain,
As he left with regret his late domain ;
And I dared not plant a single thorn
In the core of a heart already forlorn !

Alas ! 'tis sad to linger more
On the tale of them we may scarce deplore ;

* Now called the Pantheon.

For their fall gave France and her children rest—
And Exile and Tombs in my lay are blest :
From the rocks of Saint Helen the notes of my song
Slow and sad to Saint Denis shall oft sweep along !

And, Oh ! let the lesson for ever remain—
When we raise up a King, we are forging a chain :
When we humble our necks to a monarch, we make
A bond that we leave for our children to break ;
Since the breath of a King is the spark to the pan—
The musket explodes—and its victim is man !

VI.

But gay and bright the future seems ;
The sun breaks forth with golden beams,
And bids Tranquillity advance
To dwell among the fields of France !
Each day yon planet marks shall see
The sons of Freedom yet more free ;
And ever, till the end of Time,
Shall Freedom, in her march sublime,
That, with the rapid Ocean's force,
O'erwhelm th' opponents of her course !

Children of France ! the days are gone
Since first in fight your fathers shone ;
And they were gen'rous and were brave,
And monarchs to the nations gave ;
So that their neighbours round them came

To share the honours of their name,
And combat 'neath the standard high
Raised by Napoleon's chivalry !

The blood in you is not more cold
Than that which through your sires' hearts rolled ;
Then, let each thought and wish be free,
And all to France must bow the knee !
Teach them that curse a servile chain,
To make their tyrant's mandates vain ;
Show them the road that forward lies,
Where Freedom's temples touch the skies ;
And to that universal shrine
Pursue, unchecked, your course divine !

Oh ! let th' imagination fly
To Science or to Poesy—
Let all pursuits and arts engage
The thought and skill of ev'ry age ;
Still must conviction to each mind
A prompt and easy entrance find,
Teaching how num'rous ills await
The man enthroned in regal state,
And how a hundred thousand tongues
Daily proclaim the people's wrongs !

Now let the fun'ral dirge be said,
And let the priests lament the dead :—
But let them come with modest vest—

No more in tinsel splendour drest :
No more with ostentatious air
Need they commence a lofty prayer ;
No sign of regal pomp should be
Mingled with aught of sanctity ;—
Less welcome to the Lord on high
Is grandeur than sincerity !

VII.

Henceforth to the priest be all splendour unknown,
Let his cross be of wood, and his cushion of stone ;
The church is his refuge—the church is his rest—
In her arms he is safe—in her care he is blest :
For when the volcanic eruption is red,
Like the froth of the wine-press that Burgundy fed ;
When the sides of Vesuvius are glowing and bright,
When Naples re-echoes with cries of affright—
'Tis then that the groans of the children resound,
And mothers despairingly fall to the ground—
'Tis then that in vain they expend to the air
The half uttered words which are meant for a prayer ;
While black lines of mist from the crater ascend,
And seem to foretell that the world's at an end.
Those lines have divided—a lustre, that broke
From the bowels of the mount, superseded the smoke :—
Then, Naples, adieu to the grotts in thy vales—
Adieu to thy ships—the flame spreads to their sails ;

The lava has fall'n on the sides of the hill,
As the locks of a maiden float wildly at will!

And farther—Oh! farther the lava rolls on—
O'er meadows, o'er streams—to the Gulf it has gone :
The smoke forms a canopy sombre and dread,
Though the waves of the torrent be glowing and red.
And the homes of the great—and the paladin's hall
Were doomed in that deluge to totter and fall!
'Twas a chaos of ruin! The cinders were strewed
O'er a town late so lovely—now shapeless and rude :
From dwelling to dwelling proceeded th' assail—
The houses were burning in city and vale;
The earth was unsteady—the waves of the sea
Boiled white on the shore—and the tocsin rang free,
Though no human hand were the cause of the sound—
'Twas raised by the steeples that tottered around!

'Twas a chaos immense! But the arm of the Lord,
That scattered such ruin and havoc abroad—
The arm of the Deity, powerful to kill,
And pour out the wrath of his thunder at will—
That arm, on the brink of the crater, can spare
The hermit who kneels to his Maker in prayer!

The effect produced by the concluding passage
in this spirited Ode, is grand and magnificent in the
extreme. The admirable lesson to the priesthood,

and the fine moral conveyed by it, cannot fail to strike the most indifferent reader, and leave a deep impression of sublimity and awe. The date annexed to this ode is *August 10, 1830.*

The next extract which we purpose to lay before our readers, must be prefaced by stating that it was written after reading the following paragraph in the *Paris Journals* :—

“CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES. Numberless petitions requested the intervention of the Chamber, for the purpose of transporting the ashes of Napoleon to a vault beneath the Column in the Place Vendôme: but, after a short deliberation, the Chamber passed to the order of the day.”—*October 7, 1830.*

O D E

TO THE COLUMN OF NAPOLEON

I.

On the foundation that his glory laid,
With indestructible materials made—
Alike secure from ruin and from rust,
Before whose might all monuments are dust,
Th' eternal Column, tow'ring far on high,
Presents Napoleon's throne unto the sky.

Well deemed the hero, when his sov'reign hand,
Fatigued with war, the lasting trophy planned,
That civil discord would retire in shame
Before the vast memorial of his name ;
And that the nation would forget to praise
The deeds of those who shone in ancient days.

Around the earth his vet'rans he had led,
O'er smoking fields encumbered with the dead,
And from the presence of that host so true
Armies and Kings in wild confusion flew,
Leaving their pondrous cannon on the plain—
A prey to him and his victorious train !

Then, when the fields of France again were trod
By him who came triumphant as a God,
Bearing the spoils of the defeated world—
He came 'mid joyous cries, and flags unfurled,
Welcome as eagle to her infant brood
That waits on mountain-top its daily food !

But he intent on his stupendous aims,
Straitway proceeds to where the furnace flames ;
And while his troops, with haste and zealous glow,
The massive ordnance in the cauldron throw,
He to the meanest artizan unfolds
His plans to form the fashion of the moulds.

Then to the war he led his troops once more,
And from the foe the palm of conquest bore :—

He drove th' opponent armies from the plain,
And seized their dread artillery again,
As good material for the Column high,
Built to perpetuate his memory !*

Such was his task !—The roaring culverin,
The spur, the sabre, and the mortar's din—
These were his earliest sports, till Egypt gave
Her ancient Pyramids his smile to save ;—
Then, when th' imperial crown adorned his brow,
He raised the monument we rev'rence now !

He raised that monument ! The grandest age,
Which e'er th' historian's annals might engage,
Furnished the subject—and the end of time
Shall boast that emblem of his course sublime,
Where Rhine and Tyber rolled in crimson flood,
And the tall snow-capped Alps all trembling stood !

For even as the giant race of old
Ossa on Pelion—mount on mountain—rolled,
To scale high heaven's towers—so he has made
His battles serve to help his escalade :
And thus to gratify his fancy wild,
Wagram, Arcole, on Austerlitz were piled !

* The Column is built with the cannon taken by Napoleon in his various battles.

The Sun unveiled himself in beauty bright,
 The eyes of all beamed gladness and delight,
 When, with unruffled visage, thou didst come,
 Hero of France! unto the Place Vendôme,
 To mark thy Column tow'ring from the ground,
 And the four eagles ranged the base around.

'Twas then, environed by thy warriors tried,
 As erst the Romans flocked t' Æmilius'* side—
 'Twas then each child—each infant, on whose head
 Six summers scarcely had their radiance shed,
 Murmured applause, and clapped their little hands,
 And spied their fathers 'midst thy serried bands.

Oh! when thou stood'st there, god-like, proud, and
 great,
 Pond'ring on conquest—majesty—and state—
 Who would have thought that e'er the time could be,
 When a base senate should dishonour thee,
 And cavil o'er thine ashes—for Vendôme
 At least is worthy to become thy tomb!

II.

“Giddy sons of France, depart!†
 Wherefore thus impatient seem?”

* Paulus Æmilius.

† These words Victor Hugo has, with satirical intent, put into the mouths of those deputies, who, refusing to listen to the petition

Why renew th' eternal theme—
The conquests of your Bonaparte ?
Deem ye that Europe's future doom
Depends upon a warrior's tomb—
The tomb of one that late has shown
The way to fight—till then unknown ;
Or from the ramparts of some town
Your foemen's banner-staff cut down ?”

Meseems, that omens throng on high,
And dread portents are in the sky ;
Else wherefore, trembling at defeats,
Do statesmen totter on their seats ?
The scattered pavement of the town
To make their path is scarce laid down ! *
Before such heroes of the state
Whose ashes should we consecrate ?
Then why, strange youths ! rush wildly on
To deify Napoleon ?

Should we exalt in times like this
A hero's apotheosis ?

touching the removal of the ashes of Napoleon, proposed to pass
“ to the order of the day.”

* It is well known that the citizens of Paris, in the Revolution of July, actually tore the stones from the pavement to hurl at the royalist squadrons. This circumstance is metaphorically used by the poet to express the instability of public affairs immediately after that Revolution.

Oh ! no—till all that senate high,
Struck by the hand of Death,
Have gone unto the cemetery,
The vaulted church beneath,
In sullen grandeur to be laid
Where G  n  vieve's dark tombs are made,—
Till then let e'en Napoleon stay,
Nor dream of funeral array !

III.

Thus he who, with his martial host,
Victorious roved from coast to coast—
Before whose armies in the field
Monarchs would fly, and cities yield—
And in whose power was Europe's doom—
His ashes are denied a tomb !
The hand of death he could not brave—
In France he has not found a grave,
Although the Palace of the Czar
Became his booty in the war !

England ! with thee must e'er remain
The sad remembrance, and the stain :
Banished to save thy dastard fears,
Th' imperial exile passed in tears
A series of afflicted years :—
And now the country he adored,
For which he drew the conqu'ring sword—

That country's senate dare deny
A small—a sorry spot of ground,
That 'neath the Column may be found,
To form the hero's cemetery !

IV.

And, oh ! if patriotic fear,
Which saw a thousand evils near,
And not a selfish pride,
That hest—to dig Napoleon's tomb
Beneath the Column of Vendôme—
That high behest denied ;
Or e'en if liberty had come
To deprecate a name
That brought the chiefs of ancient Rome
In memory to shame—

But, no—it was not this—for Freedom saw
That she to thrones and empires gave her law !
And now she forms of governments the springs,
As ivy round the stately oak-tree clings :
Monarchs have fall'n beneath her slightest frown,
And tyrant Kings before her face sank down !

Glory—daughter of our land !
Hark ! your elder sister calls !
You and Freedom, hand in hand,
Reign within these city-walls !
Glory—high thy banner's streaming !

Liberty—thy beacon's beaming !
 This we bear unto the war—
That will light us from afar ;
 But in the splendour of the last
 The former's gorgeous hues are past !

V.

And if those senators a tomb denied,
 Were they not urged by jealousy or pride ?
 Did they not tremble at the mighty name
 Of him who bore from Austerlitz his fame,
 And fear lest their illuminations bright
 Before such lustre should repose in night ?
 Oh ! had they brought his ashes on the day
 When Paris marked her sons in grand array
 To hurl a tyrant from his lofty throne,
 What fervour through those serried ranks had flown !
 What nerve—what vigour might those ashes give,
 The boon of one that's dead to them that live !
 If in succeeding years the Russian arms
 Around thee, Paris, scatter their alarms,
 Those ashes,—were they cradled in Vendôme—
 Would burst to life, and triumph o'er the tomb :—
 The sacred dust of majesty and power
 Would form fresh heroes for so dread an hour !
 And thou, high monument ! beneath thy base
 Some pilgrim haply would have sought the place,

Where, with respect unfeigned, his hand might
weigh

The mould'ring particles of man's decay—

The last few atoms that were left of one

Who ruled the world—the great Napoleon!

O Nothingness! with thee henceforth will dwell

The dust of him that erst was terrible :

With thee each member, now all shapeless, lies—

With thee repose a hero's vestigies ;

The knee that never bent to aught below—

The hand which dealt forth joy, or scattered woe !

And in imagination to review

The arm of strength—the breast to honour true—

The foot which trampled on a world subdued—

The eye that awed the gazing multitude—

The noble brow—the loftiness of air—

The well-formed bust—where are they now—Oh !
where ?

Methinks that issuing from the Column come

The noise of battle, and the beat of drum—

The roar of culverin, the martial strain—

The din of war-steeds thund'ring o'er the plain—

The sound of fifes—the armies rushing on—

All these to mind bring Gaul's insulted son !

O ye base—timid senators, who dare

The hero's empire and estate to share,

Still is th' imperial consort unconsol'd ;
 For ye, embarrassed by pursuits too bold,
 Shrink from the relics of Napoleon's clay,
 And turn contemptibly in fear away !

VI.

Noble warrior, keep thy tomb
 On Saint Helen's sea-beat rock :—
 There thou art fall'n—and there thy doom
 Was like the bursting bomb-shell's shock !*
 Keep, I say, thy distant isle,
 Here thy fortune ceased to smile,
 And grimly frowned :—
 There thy shade may calmly sleep,
 And the drooping willows weep
 Thy grave around !

 There at least may'st thou repose,
 Far from envy, pride, and hate ;
 While to thy sod the soldier goes,
 Thy memory to venerate !
 Could'st thou raise thyself once more,
 Thou should'st see unto thy shore

* The verse in the original stands thus :—

Helas ! Helas ! garde ta tombe !
 Garde ton rocher ecumant,
 Où t' abattant comme la bombe,
 Tu vins tomber tiède et fumant !

Whole navies come,
Bearing tow'rds that exile strand
Multitudes from ev'ry land,
To mark thy tomb!

VII.

O saint of our land, but our ruler no more,
We will yet bear thy bones from that desolate shore ;
Our eye-lids are moist with the tears we have shed—
But the tri-coloured banner waves over our head,
And with that for a symbol, as erst with thine own,
We will fight till thy foemen are slaughtered and strown.
And then may the rites of thy fun'ral be crowned
By the garlands that we in our wars shall have found :—
With them we will circle thy coffin, and call
The people of earth to lament for thy fall ;
And the hymn of the muse shall flow softly and free,
To welcome the presence of young Liberty !

Reposing in glory, with us shalt thou rest ;
Beneath thine own column thy bones shall be blest ;
The sky of thy curtain of blue shall be spread,
And the foot of our armies pass over thine head ;
And the crowds shall collect, like the waves of the sea,
And as they roll onwards do homage to thee ?
If they keep for their tyrants a dungeon and chain,
Still their voices shall echo thy praises again ;
And the sound of their wail shall resemble the din
Of the sea-beaten rock when the tide rushes in ;

And thy spirit shall hover in joy evermore
Round thy relics brought back from a desolate shore !

In the Ode written upon the glorious Three Days, Hugo declares that "exile and tombs in his lay are blest." Let us afford the reader a specimen of the manner in which the poet venerates the latter, by quoting the following

H Y M N.

Around the tombs of them that fell
Their country's rights to save,
The songs of crowds admiring swell
To eulogize the brave !
The Patriot's fame will never die ;—
The land, for which he bled,
Shall cradle it eternally,
And venerate the dead !

C H O R U S.

Glory to th' immortal France !
Hail, those who fell for her !
And welcome all that now advance
To seek a Patriot's sepulchre !

The morning beams of Phoebus shine
Upon the lofty dome
That stands above the sacred shrine
Where heroes find a tomb !
Far o'er the city's turrets high

That glittering dome appears ;—
Saint G  n  vieve unto the sky
Her tow'ring summit rears.

CHORUS.

Glory to th' immortal France ;
Hail, those who fell for her !
And welcome all that now advance
To seek a Patriot's sepulchre !

'Tis thus that those, whose bones are laid
Within that sacred fane—
'Tis thus in glorious garb arrayed,
Their memories remain.
Each day for them will rise more bright
Each day their deeds are told :
Their names amid the clouds of night
Can never be enrolled !

CHORUS.

Glory to th' immortal France !
Hail, those who fell for her !
And welcome all that now advance
To seek a Patriot's sepulchre !

The whole of the next poem, which we shall quote, is allegorical. The hall represents the world—the banquet is composed of all the luxuries, the pleasures, the attractions, and the ostentatious

pomp of life—and the partakers of the feast are the inhabitants of earth.

MARRIAGES AND FEASTS.

The hall is gay with lamp and lustre bright—
The feast to ev'ry palate gives delight—
The hungry guests devour the sav'ry food,
And eat profusely, for the cheer is good.
And at that table—where the wise are few—
Both sexes and all ages meet the view ;
The sturdy warrior with a thoughtful face—
The am'rous youth—the maid replete with grace—
The prattling infant—and the hoary hair
Of second childhood's proselytes—are there ;—
And the most greedy in that spacious hall
Are e'er the young, or oldest of them all !

Helmet and banner—ornament and crest—
The Lion rampant, and the jewell'd vest—
The silver star that glitters fair and bright—
The arms that tell of many a nation's might—
Th' heraldic blazonry—th' ancestral pride—
And all mankind could e'er invent beside—
The wing'd leopard—and the eagle wild—
All these encircle woman, chief, and child,
Shine on the carpet underneath their feet,
Adorn the dishes that contain their meat,
And hang upon the drap'ry, which around

Falls from the lofty ceiling to the ground,
 While on the floor its waving fringe is spread,
 As the bird's wing may sweep the roses' bed.—
 Thus is the banquet ruled by Noise and Light,
 As though they two were foemen in the fight! 3

The chamber echoes to the din of them
 Who throng around—each with his diadem—
 Each seated on his throne—each with a wand
 Or glitt'ring sceptre in his feeble hand—
 And on each foot—Oh! is the lesson vain?—
 Is fix'd by Destiny a galling chain;
 Thus hope of flight were futile from that hall—
 And the chief guest was more enslaved than all!

Th' intoxicating draught that fires the soul—
 All ardent Love who boasts of no control,
 (Formed of the sexual breath—an idle name,
 Offspring of Fancy and a nervous frame)—
 Pleasure, mad daughter of the darksome Night,
 Whose eye is languid with returning light—
 The gallant huntsman, o'er the fences borne
 By stalworth charger, to the sounding horn—
 The glitt'ring silk—the bed of leaves of rose,
 Made more to please the sight than court repose;
 Where, when your mistress clasps you in her arms,
 No envious vest need hide her budding charms—
 The mighty palaces that raise the sneer

Of jealous mendicants and wretches near—
The spacious parks, from whence th' horizon blue,
Beyond the verdant foliage, meets the view ;
Where Superstition still her walk will take,
And where soft music echoes o'er the lake—
The transient modesty of maids undone—
The qualms of judges whom small brib'ry won—
The dread of children, trembling as they play—
The bliss of monarchs, potent in their sway—
The note of war—the deadly culverin,
That shakes the fortress with unholy din—
The serried legions, rushing to the fight—
The city, full of pleasure and delight—
And all that human kind can form or know
To have existence on this earth below—
With Gold, the prize for which ten thousands bait
A subtle hook, that ever, as they wait,
Catches a weed, and drags them to their fate :—
Such were the dainties on that table spread,
Such where the meats whereby those guests were fed !
A hundred slaves around the chamber stood,
And served each one with all he thought was good ;
While day and night fell Destiny prepared
The sumptuous banquet thus so largely shared !
And that each guest might learn to suit his taste,
Beside his chair was Conscience ever placed ;
For Conscience' piercing eyes could well detect

The dainty morsel, and the bad reject,
 Although that self-same Conscience oft be blind,
 When placed to stand a monarch's throne behind!

Oh! at that table there be all the great,
 The proud, the mighty—majesty and state :
 Dread Bacchanalian revel! yet how grand
 Thus to allure the natives of each land!
 Yes—for long shouts of laughter echo round—
 And mirth—and joy—and revelry abound;
 The bowl flows freely—and the wine is bright—
 And ev'ry eye-ball glistens with delight!

But, ah! great God!—While yet your Hebes pour
 Forth in the cups the liquors ye adore—
 While yet, fair guests! the bowl is richly stored,
 And while fresh dainties reek upon the board—
 And while th' orchestra lifts unto the sky,
 To tuneful harps, the voice of melody—
 'Tis now—O Madness!—reckless of the bliss
 That gleams around—in such an hour as this—
 An awful footstep mounts the echoing stair—
 A horrid sound proclaims intruders there—
 A heavy tramp, that bids all mirth be done—
 Nearer—more near—who is the dreaded One?

Close not the door!—With haste and deep-drawn
 breath,

The stranger enters—and that stranger's Death!

With him comes Exile, clothed in foreign guise,
And both with fury flashing from their eyes !

Dread is that sight !—They enter in the hall,
And cast a gloomy shade upon them all :
Each trembling guest is stupified with fear,
As Death and Exile seize their victims near,
And bear them from the banquet, while their brain
Seeks to dispel the fumes of wine in vain !

In deploring the fate of Napoleon and his son, the cry of Victor Hugo is the voice of France. He has identified the effusions of his Muse with the wail of his native land, and with tears and sighs he laments the fall of those who were dear to his country. Although the annexed Ode be somewhat lengthy, we feel persuaded that the generality of our readers will not deprecate its introduction into this notice of one of the greatest poets of the age.

ODE.

ON NAPOLEON II.

I.

A quarter of a century has gone
Since Gallia welcomed her Napoleon's son :
The heaven was low'ring on th' expectant earth
Before th' imperial consort gave him birth ;
And kingdoms trembled at the frolics wild
Which Nature did to welcome Valour's child !

Tamed as the steed which marks its master nigh,
A prostrate empire waits that progeny—
The progeny of one whose lasting name
Transcendant shines above proud Cæsar's fame,
Whose lips gave laws to Europe's proudest thrones,
And covered half the earth with bleaching bones !

Anon that mighty conqu'ror stood before
The host which knelt not there but to adore—
And to the prostrate empire showed his son,
The greatest boon that he from heaven had won,
While joy and pleasure flashed in ev'ry eye,
And shouts redoubling echoed to the sky !

Then, as by magic influence, the breath
Of that young child made all as still as death ;
And Paris quaked—and steeple, church, and tower,
Shook to the base to rev'rence infant power ;
And the long cannon at the palace gate
Bounded and leapt, as they were animate !

Elate with pride paternal—holy fire !
Before his subjects stood th' enraptured sire :
His arms, so lately joined across his breast,
Now formed a cradle for the infant's rest—
And that fair infant's eye-balls caught the blaze
Which lit the father's in those glorious days.

When to a kneeling host he thus had shown
The new-born heir of his imperial throne,

The ravished father mentally reviewed
 All Europe's kingdoms, by himself subdued ;
 And, proud as eagle soaring to the sky,
 " They wait," he said, " for this—my progeny !"

II.

But who may tell what myst'ries lie
 Concealed in thee, Futurity ?
 Each morning marks some victim's doom ;
 Each night frowns o'er a new-made tomb !—
 Futurity ? in thee appears
 Th' uncertain glimpse of unborn years—
 Hopes—promises—deceits—and fears—
 And monarch's misery :
 Puffed up with pride, Ambition's son
 To ruin rushes blindly on,
 Unstable as the bird upon
 The forest's tallest tree !

From year to year we wind our toilsome way,
 While myst'ry still enshrouds the future day :
 No human might—no sage's magic spell
 Can bid that future day its secrets tell ;
 But still the spectre, formed of doubt and dread,
 Attends our steps, and haunts us in our bed !

To-morrow ! what may bring to light
 Thy dawn upon the present night !
 Wilt thou not perfect that which man

To-day in confidence began ?
To-morrow ! like a shadow cast
Along the ocean's bosom vast—
Or as a mist upon the blast—

A cloud that veils yon star—
Art thou, To-morrow ! curious name,
To which belong disgrace or fame,
Monarch's renown, and nation's shame,
Peace, or revolt and war !

To-morrow foaming steeds to battle wend,
To-morrow Moscow's flames to heaven ascend,
To-morrow martial hosts flock o'er the plain,
To-morrow Waterloo is fought in vain,
To-morrow exile marks the hero's doom,
To-morrow—see ! they bear him to the tomb !

Napoleon ! thou in pomp may'st go
Through conquered cities, to and fro ;
Thou, with thy myriads, may'st decide,
In dismal strife, the battle-tide ;
Before thee rivers may retreat,
Victory humble at thy feet
And Conquest come thy steps to greet,
With music in her train :
Renown may publish thy return
From battle—and the trophied urn
With incense fragantly may burn
To welcome thee again :

Oh ! thou may'st rule each kingdom and each state,
Thou can'st not change the destiny of fate ;
And all thy might—thy glory—and thy power
In vain may strive to stop thy dying hour :—
Though thou may'st blast whole armies with thy
 breath,
Thou wilt not triumph o'er the shafts of Death !

III. .

Such is the will of heaven !—When Fortune smiled
In all her bounty on that infant child ;—
When Roman pride was humbled to the boy,
And Cæsar's diadem became his toy ;
When Gallia's multitudes around him came
To reverence one who bore a hero's name ;
And when his father, in the ranks of war,
Pursued his endless victories afar—
Then, round the cradle where the infant lay,
The slaughtered foes were heaped in grim array !
When all the world unto its centre shook,
And empires trembled at Napoleon's look—
When the glad sire this heritage had won,
Sceptres and crowns, all destined for his son—
When marble palaces, in grandeur high,
Where raised to lodge the hero's progeny—
And when delusive Hope unto his ear
Whispered bright promises of grandeur near—
When she stretched forth the hornie bowl, his lip

Essayed in vain the pois'nous sweets to sip,
For Austria's angry Genius came between,
And bore him trembling from the joyous scene !

IV.

'Twas sun-set ! Perched upon the loftiest tree,
An eagle ruled the forest's destiny :
But suddenly he fell—for from behind
Came with o'erwhelming force the rushing wind ;
And England seized the eagle—and his brood
For vengeful Austria's maw became the food ?

Reader ! dost seek to know the warrior's fate ?
Go—ask those Kings, whose prudence and whose
hate

Consigned the hero to a wretched isle,
Where joy was heard not—bliss ne'er seen to smile,
And where—O cursèd doom !—six years were spent,
Ling'ring and sad, in changeless banishment !

And had he not one single tender tie—
Have lion-hearts no soft'ning sympathy ?
Oh ! yes—his child—the infant that he loved,
From him so far across the seas removed :
And all he had to soothe what few endure,
In exile, was that infant's miniature !

By night, when in the bitterness of thought,
His faded greatness to his mind was brought,

What did he seek, that thus he turned his eye
Around—about—while sentries, pacing nigh,
Guarded the actions of the fallen man,
As though his very sentiments they'd scan :

What did he seek ?—'Twas not a sad review
Of all that he had compassed or past through ;
Jena, Marengo, Austerlitz, Arcole,
The Pyramids, no longer fired his soul ;—
He scarce remembered how th' Egyptian fled
When Cairo's streets were cumbered with the dead !

What did he seek ?—Full twenty years of war—
Conquest—pursuit—retreat—and mortal jar—
The banner waving in the roaring strife—
The rush of armies—and the waste of life—
And all that once his fev'rish soul might please—
Oh ! no—his wand'ring eye sought not for these !

That anxious glance hoped not in exile's hour
To witness aught of his departed power :
Madrid, Aboukir, Kremlin, and the sound
Of martial music echoing far around ;
The gallant warrior, dauntless in the fight—
Parade at morn—and bivouac at night—

All this he recked not for ! His eye alone
Sought him that erst was destined for a throne—
The little infant who, in frolic mild,

Beauteous as blushing morn, had looked and smiled,
 When first his father caught him to his breast,
 And felt—let sires themselves suppose the rest !

But vainly sought his eye ! St. Helen's shore
 Re-echoed to his sighs—heard him deplore—
 And marked his misery.—Oh ! thou sweet boy,
 Whose mem'ry gave an exiled parent joy,
 And soothed th' acutest sorrows of his breast,
 May'st thou live on in peace—may'st thou be blest !

V.

But both are gone !—Great God ! that speedy doom
 Fed with no common food the craving tomb !
 First fell the chieftain, who the world o'ercame :
 Ten years elapsed—the relict of his name
 Was called to join his parent—and the grave
 Conquered the child whose sire thou would'st not
 save !

Pride—glory—youth—the tomb has taken them—
 Naught left behind—no state—no diadem :
 Death, unrelenting, hurried all away—
 The mighty and the fair returned to clay ;
 And dumb oblivion from the rolls of fame
 Sought to efface an everlasting name !

VI.

Say, Lord ! for thou alone canst tell
 Where lurks the good invisible

Among the depths of discord's sea—
That ocean all so dark to me !
Oppressive to a mighty state,
Contention's feuds the people hate—
But who dare question that which fate
Has ordered to have been ?
Haply the earthquake, and the roar
Of whirlpools, and the dang'rous shore—
Haply the foaming deep rolls o'er
Fair pearls that lie unseen !

More baneful than the tempest's force,
Quicker than burning levin's course,
Internal feuds spread far and near
Ruin to commoner and peer.—
Then wherefore chaunt thy song in vain,
Untimely bard ! In peace remain,
Nor waste unto the reckless main
A verse with ardour warm !
Thy voice is echoed by the blast,
Thy music to the wind has past,
And thou art lonely on the mast
A bird amidst the storm !

That storm redoubles ! In the sky
No spot is of an azure dye :
Threat'ning and dark the heav'n appears—
On earth are sorrows, wounds, and tears.

The seas of civil discord roll—
Trembles the globe from pole to pole—
Heroes and monarchs are undone,
With them Napoleon and his son !
As yet each wise essay is vain
To stop the inroads of the main ;
Billows on foaming billows press—
And all is horror and distress !

The "Song" we shall next quote from the *Chants du Crepuscule*, has no political tendency. It applies as well to any other ball, as to the one it appears particularly to allude to. The subject of the Poet is to show how circumstances are frequently the causes of virtue and of vice, without the intervention of moral predilections ; and how thousands are pure because they are not compelled by want to commit sin, in the same way that many are guilty of the most enormous acts of turpitude under the imperious influence of their necessities.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BALL AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

'Tis thus the civic halls are gay and bright,
And the vast building shows one glare of light ;
The noise of mirth and revelry resounds,
Like fairy's melody on haunted grounds.
But France demands not all that mirth and glee,

Those shouts prolonged, and that festivity :
Paris, strange city—formed of woe and bliss,
In such an hour requires not scenes like this !

Deaf is the ear of all that glitt'ring crowd
To sorrow's voice, although its call be loud.
Better, than waste long hours in idle show,
To help the indigent, and raise the low—
To teach the wicked to forsake his way,
And find th' industrious work from day to day !
Better to charity those hours afford,
Which oft are wasted at the festal board !

And ye, O high-born beauties ! in whose soul
Virtue resides, and Vice has no controul ;
Ye, whom prosperity forbade to sin,
So fair without—so chaste, so pure within—
Whose honour Want ne'er threatened to betray,
Whose eyes are joyous, and whose heart is gay ;
Around whose modesty a hundred arms
Aided by pride, protect a thousand charms ;
For you this Ball is pregnant with delight,
As glitt'ring planets cheer the gloomy night :—
But, Oh ! ye wist not, while your souls are glad,
How millions wander houseless, sick, and sad !
Hazard has placed you in a happy sphere,
And like your own to you all lots appear ;
For blinded by the sun of bliss, your eyes
Can see no dark horizon to the skies.

Such is the chance of life! Each gallant thane,
 Each prince, each noble, follow in your train ;—
 They praise your loveliness, and in your ear
 They whisper pleasing things, but insincere :
 Thus, as the moths enamoured of the light,
 Ye seek those scenes of revelry each night.
 But as ye hasten thither, did ye know
 What wretches throng the streets through which you
 go,—

Females, whose vesture glitters in the glare
 Of thousand lamps, stand all expectant there,
 Watching the passing crowd with eager eye,
 Till one their love, their lust, or shame may buy ;
 Or with commingling jealousy and rage,
 They mark the progress of your equipage ;
 And their deceitful lip essays awhile
 To hide their woe beneath a sickly smile !

The date affixed to the preceding poem is *May*,
 1833.

The following Ode is the seventh “ Song”: it has
 no title.

Genius of France ! if still thy wing
 O'er Gallia's lands auspicious soar,
 Peace to a wearied nation bring,
 And let the war-note sound no more.
 The boist'rous passions of the soul

Keep thou beneath a stern controul,
 And calm tranquillity restore :
 Repel the surge of civil strife,
 Stop the sad waste of human life,
 And banish discord from thy shore !

Let not the great despise the low,
 The sufferer be more opprest ;
 Bid monarchs spare their subjects' woe,
 Nor deeper wound the bleeding breast :
 Cast down the gibbet, dry the tears
 Of orphans, and in future years
 Thy Guardian bounty will be blest ;
 So that amid the dreams of night
 No horrors fill us with affright,
 Nor wake us from a tranquil rest !

The hitherto-neglected Greek hero has found an admirer and an-eulogist in Victor Hugo. There are two Odes to Canaris in the *Chants du Crépuscule*, one of which we subjoin.

TO CANARIS.

O Canaris ! the poet, in his song,
 Hath haply left untold thy deeds too long !
 But when the tragic actor's part is done—
 When tumult ceases—and when fights are won ;

When heroes perfect that which Fates decreed,
When chieftains mark no more their thousands bleed ;
When they have shone, as clouded or as bright,
As fitful meteor in the heavens at night ,
And when the sycophant no more proclaims
To staring crowds the glory of their names,—
'Tis then the mem'ries of those warriors die,
And fall, alas ! into obscurity,
Until the poet—in whose verse alone
Exists a world—can make their actions known,
And, in eternal epic measures, show
They are not yet forgotten here below !

And yet thou art neglected ! All in gloom
Thy glory seems as it had found a tomb :
No joyous shouts now welcome thee—no cries,
To mark thy presence, echo to the skies ;
They, whom thy prowess rescued from the grave,
Forgèt to laud the chief that once could save !

There was a time when Græcia's classic strand
Echoed thy praises o'er her lovely land ;
And Canaris, half-worshipped name ! was found
On ev'ry lip, in ev'ry heart around.
But now how changed the scene ! On hist'ry's page
Are told the actions of another age,
And thine are scarce remembered.—Greece, farewell !
The world no more thine heroes' deeds will tell ;

Their laurel crowns are faded—in the skies
Of glory other stars attract our eyes.
The Press is wearied, Græcia! with thy name—
That Press, the ruler of, and guide to fame ;
That Press, whose power astounded the most sage
And keeps on record deeds of ev'ry age ;
That Press, whose principles are ever strange—
To-day so firm—to-morrow bent on change!

But thou art still neglected ! Yet to thee,
O Canaris, is left the dark blue sea—
Thy gallant bark, that o'er the water flies,
And the bright planet twinkling in yon skies ;
All these remain, with accident and strife,
Hope, and the pleasures of a roving life,
Boon Nature's fairest prospects—land and main,
The prompt departure, and return again ;
The pride of one who laughs at danger near,
Whose bosom scarcely knows the name of fear,
Even if warring billows round you press,
And your tall vessel labours in distress ;
Even if currents urge you tow'rds the rock,
Or Nature trembles at the thunder-shock ;
Or e'en if lightning glitter o'er the sea—
'Tis all replete with joyousness for thee !

Yes—these remain ! that ocean oft so fair,
Thine eagles, spurning as they track, the air—

The sun in golden beauty ever bright,
 The verdant meadows grateful to the sight—
 Thy language so mellifuously bland,
 Mixed with sweet idioms from Italia's land
 As Baia's streams to Samos' waters glide,
 And with them mingle in one placid tide !

Yes—these remain ! O Canaris ! thine arms—
 The sabre, faithful in the wars' alarms—
 The splendid garb—the yatagan—the vest,
 Expressive of thy rank, to thee still rest !
 And when thy vessels o'er the vast profound,
 To lead thee on to glory, blythely bound,
 At eve the pow'r of beauty may restore
 Smiles to thy lips, and smoothe thy brow once more ;
 Or as thy frigate coasts along the strand
 Of that still classic and delicious land,
 As a fond husband, may'st thou see with bliss
 Thy beauteous bride, from Thebes or Salamis,
 On the sea-beach her snowy kerchief wave,
 And raise her voice to heav'n that God may bless the
 brave !

Every subject, whether heroic, elegiac, or tender,
 is treated of by Victor Hugo in this miscellaneous
 work. Like many other poems in the *Chants du
 Crepuscule*, the following has no title : the theme
 of these sixteen lines is too grand, and too vast, to
 be expressed in one word !

Alone, beneath the tower whence issue forth
The mandates of the tyrant of the North,
Poland's sad Genius sits, absorbed in tears,
Her bosom heaving with a thousand fears :—
Wearied, cast down, enfeebled by distress,
The tomb alone can end her wretchedness !

Alas ! the crucifix is all that's left
To her, of freedom and her sons bereft ;
And on her training robe the marks are seen
Where Russian armies' scornful feet have been.

Anon she hears the sounds of clanking arms—
The foemen come once more to spread alarms !
And while she weeps against that fortress' wall,
And while fresh horrors ev'ry sense appal,
To France she slowly turns her glazing eyes,
And humbly seeks for succour ere she dies !

We shall conclude our extracts from the *Chants du Crepuscule* with that poem which, like the gad-fly of the Greek tragedian, must pursue the guilty subject of its withering verse to the very tomb, and haunt him, hardened as he may be, like the spectre of a murdered victim. It can scarcely be necessary to inform the reader that the "highborn lady" is the Duchess of Berri, and the "ruthless traitor," is Deutz.

TO THE MAN

WHO BETRAYED A WOMAN TO HER FOES.

The ruthless traitor ! When for glitt'ring gold
A high born lady to her foes he sold,
The deed involved not her disgrace alone,
But in its sad results proclaimed his own,
While the untainted mem'ry of his sire
Was blackened by the nation in its ire,
And while a justly incensed people's tongues
Cursed him who caused a noble lady's wrongs !

Long may the hirelings of the wealthy great,
Well bribed for crime—long may the wretches wait,
Ere, in the course of unborn years, they see,
Thou ruthless traitor ! one more vile than thee !

And who was he that thus the weak betrayed ?
Refuse of earth, a grov'ling renegade,
Who called not France his parent-land, but bore
A stranger's name to desecrate her shore !
And had not soft'ning pity some controul,
Apostate Jew ! upon thy selfish soul ?
And could'st thou not respect the woes of her
That erst had many a courtly worshipper ?
And did'st thou not reflect, that if heav'n's will
A crown refused her, 'twas a woman still ?

Return to that obscurity, whence thou
Wast rashly suffered to emerge ere now :
Return to those vile dens—and haste to share
Th' eternal shame of those who gather there,
And who, for half a century have fed
Upon the ruins that their vices spread :—
Like a plague-bearing mist, may'st thou pass hence,
That men may shun thee as a pestilence !
And, Oh ! attempt not to excuse thy crime—
For thou, accurs'd till the end of time,
Hast bought disgrace, and infamy and scorn,
To make thee mourn the hour when thou wast born !

No friend will ope his cottage-door to thee—
But like the fabled Wand'rer shalt thou be ;
And though thy wealth, so basely earned, command,
Where'er thou art, the lux'ries of the land,
Still shalt thou hear the voice of thousands rise
To call on thee the vengeance of the skies !

Pursue thy path ! And if thou hast no shame,
Thy gold rewards thee for thy trait'rous name !
Pursue thy path ! And, as a constant guest,
Will deep remorse thine ev'ry hour molest !
Pursue thy path ! And as the years roll by,
May public hatred mark thy memory—
That deathless hate, which like the fir-tree grows,
Unchecked by angry storms, or winter's snows !

And, Oh ! when Death, with all his chilling gloom,
Shall snatch thee trembling to the dreary tomb—
That tomb whose very stillness to the sense
Of man conveys all Death's omnipotence—
When from the glitt'ring heap that Death shall bear
Thy quiv'ring form so idly clinging there—
And when, with giant force, his hand shall throw
From thine the gold that purchased future woe—
Then, in those depths of horror and of pain
Where sinners mourn their turpitude in vain—
Those depths, whose secrets Dante whilome saw
In midnight dreams that struck his soul with awe—
There, in those depths, shalt thou for evermore
The cow'rdly deed, that stamped thy fate, deplore ;
And, 'midst the angels fallen from above,
The most afflicted, shall thy spirit rove,
Shunned by the shades of them that erst on earth
Were branded from the moment of their birth,
And whose cupidity, like thine, was won
To wrong the widow, persecute the son,
And crush the fatherless !

All these will throw
Insult upon thee in the realms below !
Judas, betrayer of his God for gold,
Leclerc, by whom the leagued town was sold,
And Louvel, stained with blood, from thee shall turn,
While in their pride thine out-stretched hand they
spurn !

We have been thus elaborate in our notice of M. Victor Hugo as a poet, for many reasons. In the first place, we consider his talents to be more transcendantly displayed as the votary of the Muse than as the novelist or the dramatist; in the second place, we are of opinion that the *Chants du Crepuscule* is one of his finest productions; and in the third place, we were anxious to lay before the reader as many specimens of French poetry as we were enabled conveniently to do. We know how grievously the original must suffer in the judgment of the public by the translation; we feel that it is not just towards the poet himself, to solicit a favourable opinion through such a faulty and deficient medium; but at the same time we have the consoling conviction that we have adhered as closely to the original as the difference of versification, idiom, and thought, existing between the two languages, would permit. There are many other passages we should willingly have quoted from the *Chants du Crepuscule*, had our limits justified the elongation of this chapter; for some of the most beautiful ideas are to be found in those "Odes" and "Songs" which are written in a sort of dialogue between a lover and his mistress—conversations over which the scheme of poetic fiction, hyperbole, and amplification, throws a ten-fold interest, although many of the realities of

life and of mundane affairs be more the subject of discourse than the sympathies and ebullitions of feeling existing between a lover and his beloved—conversations, where the plenitude of deep thoughts is too frequently embarrassed with moralizing speculation and religious controversy, little suitable to the schools of love—but conversations replete with brilliant metaphor, and beautiful imagery.

Taking leave—and we do it with regret—of Hugo as the poet, we must now briefly consider him as a dramatist. To say that he is equal to Alexandre Dumas, would be to assert that which France does not believe; and to pretend that he is inferior to him, would be a sweeping opinion which many of his dramas would not bear out. For instance—take *Lucrece Borgia*, and peruse the last act without the deepest interest and emotion, if you can. The terrible *denouement* of a terrible tale was never more successfully worked out than in this drama, in which—be it observed—*en passant*—there is one sentence that expresses a hundred passions and feelings in two words. It is a sentence spoken by a son to his mother, at a time when he is not aware that he is addressing the parent to whom he alludes:—“I know that I have a mother, and that she is unhappy; and willingly would I give up all felicity

in this life to see her smile, and all hopes in another to see her weep!" *Angelo* is one of those pieces which would have made a better romance than a melo-drama. A courtesan is the heroine, and a tyrant the hero, and a virtuous lady—the wife of the tyrant—the principal victim. The whole is a multiplication of mysteries, as *Lucrece Borgia* is a combination of horrors. *Hernani* was the most successful of all Hugo's dramas upon the stage; and it probably possesses the least merit as a book. *Marion de l'Orme*, *Marie Tudor*, and *Le Roi s'amuse* are but of second rate merit, though of first-rate immorality. The last was forbidden by the Minister of the Interior to be performed on the stage—a decree against which Victor Hugo appealed to the tribunals without success. The rapidity with which this author concocts a drama may be conceived, when we assure our readers that he wrote *Angelo*, *Le Tyran de Padoue*, in little more than a fortnight, working scarcely two hours a day.

Victor Hugo does not compose dramas from the heart, but from the imagination. He conceives situations without feeling them. He is impassioned in language, but not in soul. He knows that in certain predicaments there will be grand effects, but he does not appreciate them himself. He neither

smiles nor weeps with his heroes and heroines; his heart is cold, though his language be as warm as that of the Spaniard with whom he shares the blood of extraction. This is a strange anomaly, and may appear a paradox; but it is true. Without feelings capable of being affected himself, he can command those of an audience: indeed, his most touching pieces have generally been the most successful.

CHAPTER II.

JULES LACROIX.

THIS successful novelist is one of the most decided votaries of that school which has sprung up since, or rather been formed or modified by, the Revolution of 1830. Partaking less of the German tinge of mysticism and romance than the writings of Frederic Soulié, his works nevertheless bear a striking resemblance to the productions of that author. In his ambitious pursuits after the original, he frequently loses sight of the natural and probable. He will neither plagiarise nor imitate character or incident; and while he scrupulously avoids all beaten and cultivated paths, his wandering steps lead him into horrid and wild tracks the

very novelty of which is frequently too savage to interest. He appears to be haunted by a perpetual fear of trespassing upon the property of others; his imagination is constantly racked with renewed efforts to produce something never told or conceived before. The persevering alchymist does not more diligently seek after the philosopher's stone, than Jules Lacroix for an idea the colouring of which shall not be even blended or shaded with the other dyes of the literary rain-bow. It is therefore evident that the originality of Lacroix is the result of painful endeavours, and not of the spontaneous efforts of a ready genius. This remark does not apply to one or two of his novels only, but to the whole of them. The general reader will fancy that the imagination of Lacroix is fantastic and fertile: the critic perceives that it is active and elaborately exercised.

Lacroix's best works are *Le Tentateur* and *Une Grossesse*. The interest of the one turns upon the fidelity of a husband, and that of the latter upon the faithlessness of a wife. The young poet, who is the hero of the former, and the wife of the old nobleman who is the heroine of the other, are both characters drawn with a masterly pencil. They are however identical save in respect to their sexes; and this

instance of sameness, whether of character or of incident, is the only one we have noticed in the writings of Lacroix ; for he is as studiously original in respect to himself as he is with regard to others.

Le Tentateur is a tale, the plot of which may be told in a few words. Madame de Raynval had been married for three years, and for the first two she was loving and beloved in return. But during the third year of her nuptials "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream"—her husband's manners were altered—he frequently sought the solitude of his own chamber—and Doctor Gilbert, the family physician, was his constant companion when he stirred abroad. This Gilbert was an execrable ruffian, who, having entertained an unholy passion for the wife of his friend, endeavoured to obtain the criminal enjoyment of his lusts by estranging the affections of Raynval from her whom he had sworn to love and cherish. He threw the young poet in the way of a fascinating but frail creature of the name of Victorine, and when the guilty pair were in each other's arms, he sought Mathilde and revealed to her the secret of her husband's perfidy. She required a proof of that which she could scarcely believe without such testimony ; and Gilbert demanded the sacrifice of her own honour, if

he succeeded in convincing her of Raynval's guilt. She agreed to the condition proposed, and Gilbert fulfilled his promise but too well. Raynval then returned home, and confessed his errors to his injured wife, who refused to pardon him. A dialogue, fraught with the most intense interest, took place between them, in which Mathilde demonstrated all the vindictive feelings of an injured woman. Her husband implored her forgiveness—she rejected, she spurned the supplication with contempt; and Raynval poisoned himself in her presence. At that moment the Doctor entered the room, to receive the promised recompense of treachery at the hands of Madame de Raynval. Her first impulse was to assassinate him with a pistol which she found at hand; but she contented herself with pointing to the corse of her husband, and driving the profligate from her presence. Bowed down to the earth by distress and sorrow, she seized the pistol once more—and this time its muzzle was turned against her own bosom; but her faithful servant Mariane rushed into the room, fell upon her knees at the feet of her mistress, and exclaimed in a tone of the deepest agony, “Madam, remember that you are a mother!”

There is one characteristic belonging to the works

of Lacroix which we cannot forbear from mentioning, especially as it is of rare occurrence amongst novelists, whether French or foreign, of the present day. We allude to an universally pervading fear of prolixity, that is evident throughout his tales. His stories are told in the least possible quantity of words. It is however desirable that Lacroix would be less concise, for his language is pleasing, his periods well turned, and the construction of his sentences remarkably correct.

Une Grossesse is a work which the hypocritical prudery of English readers, would prevent them from admiring. A translation of the title alone, if appended to a book, would shock the ears of an English audience. It is nevertheless a well-written tale, replete with the most lively interest, and exhibiting, more than any other of his works, the peculiar originality of the author.

Besides the two novels already mentioned, Lacroix has published *Le Flgrant Delit*, *La Justice des Hommes*, and *Une Fille à Vendre*, from which last we shall extract the concluding chapter as a specimen of the author's style.

THE DEATH-BED.

That night M. Delfosse died the most horrible of deaths. With his skull fractured, and his ribs broken, he lay motionless upon his bed, and insensible since his fall. He had been bled, but the cares of the surgeon had produced no effect; his wounds were beyond the reach of human skill to cure.

Turiaf was watching by his bed-side—Madame Alvare had not as yet left her daughter Cecilia, who was still in a fainting fit. At length the young girl was restored to consciousness; but she soon succumbed to the feebleness and debility of her situation, and fell into a species of lethargic swoon, which was however far from dangerous. Madame Alvare was therefore at length enabled to carry into execution the direful plot of vengeance which she had previously formed.

She hastened to the apartment of M. Delfosse, and dismissed Turiaf to his slumbers in his own chamber—an arrangement which was far from being disagreeable to the sleepy domestic.

The night was far advanced: a loud wind swept round the building, agitated the trees in the garden,

and shook the Venetian blinds which were fast closed.

As soon as she was alone with the dying man, Madame Alvare hastened to the door, drew the bolts, and cut the riband of the bell which hung at the head of the bed; she then raised the counterpane, seized the inanimate hands of M. Delfosse, tied them tightly together with a handkerchief, and, having closed the curtains, seated herself in an arm-chair by the side of the bed.

Long did she remain, wrapt up in the most profound meditation, with her arms crossed, and her cheek reclining upon her shoulder. An hour passed away, and suddenly she raised her head, and seemed to listen attentively. A murmuring voice proceeded from the alcove in which the bed was placed; and that sound was produced by the painful and short respiration of a man who seemed to awake from a terrible night-mare.

A sombre smile agitated the lips of the Italian, and she listened more attentively still. Suddenly a cry of anguish issued from behind the curtains, and a hollow voice exclaimed, "Ah! what a terrible dream! Where am I?"

"In your winding-sheet," was the answer.

"Who is there? who speaks to me?" demanded the dying man; and as he received no reply, he continued—"Oh! it was nothing! My head is wandering! Holy God, how I suffer!"

A horrible shout of laughter answered this complaint.

"There is some one here!" cried M. Delfosse, in a feeble and scarcely audible tone of voice.

"Yes—to your misfortune, wretch!"

"But who are you?"

"I am your victim—your judge—and your executioner!" returned Madame Alvare with a fearful accent, as she drew aside the curtains of the bed.

"Depart, Julia—depart!" cried M. Delfosse.

"No—I will not go," exclaimed Madame Alvare, leaning towards the dying man, her mouth frothing with rage: "I will remain by you—side by side—until your heart cease to beat—until the last convulsion of your members—until the rattle in your throat announce the triumph of Death! All the torments, which you have made me suffer during the last fifteen years, shall now be repaid with usurious interest; and by those means shall you have a foretaste of the torments of hell!"

"But where am I? What is the matter with

me?" ejaculated M. Delfosse. "I suffer—my head whirls round—I am wounded—Oh! I am wounded! Yes—here is blood!"

"Yes—blood!" cried Madame Alvare; "and you have already bled profusely! But there still remains enough in your veins to quench my thirst of vengeance."

"It is you, Julia—yes, it is you," said M. Delfosse, glancing wildly at the infuriate woman. "What are you doing here?"

"Avenging myself!" was the answer.

"Wretch!" ejaculated the dying man; "I am all covered with wounds—and it is you that came to assassinate me in my sleep!"

"No—but I am coming now!" murmured Madame Alvare, gnashing her teeth together. "What! have you lost all memory of the past? Have you forgotten, in your lethargy of a few hours, that you are dying by the hand of your own son? Listen—I will recal everything to your mind? This evening you inveigled my daughter into an atrocious plot—and you were about to satisfy your horrible desires, when I came—Oh! yes—I came and wrested her from your grasp; and your son Theodore seized you forcibly in his arms—I thought for a moment that he wished to embrace you—"

And the laugh of the Italian was wild and ferocious !

" He threw you from the window," she resumed, after a moment, " and your body was mutilated upon the pavement. Is your memory less troubled now ?"

" Yes—yes!" cried M. Delfosse in a tone of despair ; " it was he who killed me !"

" Yes—it was he—your son !" exclaimed Madame Alvare ; " and it were better he than I ! Now you suffer more than ever ! Oh ! is it not terrible to die by the hand of one's own son ? Truly is it a torture which can only be a foretaste of hell !"

" Peace, peace—wretch !" screamed M. Delfosse : " I will summon my domestics—they will attend to my call !"

" Oh ! call—ring—they will not come," returned Madame Alvare : " they are all asleep ! Besides, your voice is weak and feeble—I scarcely hear it where I am."

" I will ring the bell," murmured the dying man, endeavouring to raise his arms ; but he could not detach his hands from each other.

" Your hands are tied," cried the Italian : " look at that wall—feel for the bell-rope—I have cut it !

Oh! I have taken all necessary precautions; you are entirely in my power."

"Now, perhaps," said M. Delfosse: "but to-morrow I will be avenged!"

"To-morrow you will be rolled up in a winding-sheet," ejaculated the Italian, with an emphasis expressive of rage and sarcasm: "to-morrow your eyes will be closed in an eternal sleep! Yes—gnash your teeth—they will not gnash to-morrow! To-morrow you will be a corpse!"

"No, no—I will not die, wretch: my wounds are not dangerous!" said M. Delfosse.

"Not dangerous!" cried Madame Alvare; "they are incurable! The surgeon affirmed that they were mortal. Dissipation has corrupted your blood, eaten into the marrow of your bones, and—but, in a word, know that you are at the point of death."

"I shall not die, I tell you," persisted Delfosse: "the surgeon did not say that I should die."

"You will not believe me!" cried the Italian. "Even if your wounds were not mortal—and even if it were possible for you to exist a few days longer—am I not here to prevent the prolongation of your existence? I am now stronger than you; and I can put my fingers into your wounds, pour boiling

water on your mutilated flesh, and dry up your blood, drop by drop !”

“ Oh ! mercy, mercy—do not kill me !” exclaimed M. Delfosse, with a terrible feeling of alarm ; for he perceived by the glance of the Italian that he was lost.

“ Tranquillize yourself—I will not kill you at once : I will suffer you to die by degrees—little by little, like the malefactor on the wheel ;” and as the wrathful woman thus spoke, she raised the counterpane of the bed with one hand, and with the other she tore off the bloody bandages which enveloped the body of the miserable man.

He gnashed his teeth, rolled about in his bed, and implored for mercy amidst loud and furious howlings.

Madame Alvare took the wax-candle from the mantel-piece, and pointing it towards the bleeding breast of the dying man, suffered a drop of the boiling liquid to fall upon the flesh laid open with deep wounds.

M. Delfosse uttered a piercing scream, and endeavoured to join his hands to supplicate for mercy ; but they were already tied tight together, and the knot was strong and would not give way.

“ Oh ! pity—have pity upon me !” cried Delfosse :

"what have I done to you, Julia, that you should torture me thus?"

"What have you done to me?" repeated the Italian. "I was rich and happy—and you robbed me of everything—wealth and felicity: you made me what I am—a frequenter of the gaming-table, an adulteress—and more! This is a portion of the debt of gratitude which I owe you!"

And a second time she approached the candle to the wound, and suffered the flame to hiss in the blood which it touched.

"Julia—O Julia! mercy—mercy!" said Delfosse.

She raised the candle, and resumed her reproaches.

"Delfosse, Delfosse, do you recollect Naples?" said she in a sombre tone of voice. "It was fifteen years ago, that you and I were walking on the sea-beach, when we were surprised by my husband, the Viscount de Vernois."

"It is a horrible history, Julia," interrupted the dying man: "recal it not to my mind, I conjure you."

"He surprised us together," continued the Italian, almost in a whisper: "he was armed, and you were not: he might have killed you without fear of

detection, for it was a lonely spot. But he did not—for everything, which resembled a cowardly action, was repugnant to the feelings of that brave man. A thousand times had he challenged you to a duel, in order to avenge the injury he had sustained at your hands; and you invariably refused him. This time again, he dared you to the combat—and again you would not meet him!”

“There were no seconds,” murmured Delfosse in a feeble tone.

“I was there—I saw it all,” returned the Italian, vehemently. “At first you declined the challenge; but as he insisted upon the duel in a threatening manner, you were compelled to accept his defiance. He had two loaded pistols with him—”

“Stop—stop—say no more!” interrupted Delfosse; “you pierce me to the very soul. I recollect the least details of that terrible duel!”

“You call it a *duel*,” cried the Italian, with a smile of bitterness and fury: “listen—hear me out! Instead of assassinating you upon the spot, he bravely tendered you one of his pistols, and while he was measuring the ground, you crept behind him, and blew his brains out!”

“He would have killed himself, Julia—you, know he would,” cried M. Delfosse. “I did not rob him

perhaps of one hour of existence! Do you recollect that letter which we found upon him?—and then, he had his pistols all ready to rid himself of a life of which he was wearied.”

“True, wretch!” returned the Italian: “but is your crime the less enormous? are you not still his assassin? He was about to kill himself, you say: and wherefore? In the bloom of youth and in the vigour of health, what could have driven him to commit suicide? what urged him to die? You—you alone! You had deprived him of his honour—that honour which is dearest to man—you brought ruin and adultery into his dwelling—you had doomed him to eternal misery and anguish! What could he do? He had no resource left but to die;—and thus was it as if you had killed him twice! Now, murderer, I will avenge my husband! If you have not ascended the scaffold, it is because God spared you to experience longer and more terrible tortures. The hatchet of the guillotine were too good for such as you! But I will make you smart with anguish—I am your executioner!”

And suddenly the Italian thrust her finger into the gaping wounds of the dying man, and played with the palpitating muscles in hideous sport.

“Oh! Julia—mercy—mercy—I die!” ejaculated

Delfosse, writhing in his bed like a viper beneath the edge of a spade: "mercy—or kill me at once!"

"Not yet—not yet," cried she, digging her hands still farther into the wounds: "your tortures have only just commenced."

"Oh! do not touch that wound—all the others, but not that one—it is too painful!"

"So much the better—you did well to tell me. *That* is for my husband, whom you assassinated!"

"Oh! oh!"

"*That* is for my daughter: there—there!"

"Mercy—mercy!"

"Violate her now!" screamed the demoniac woman. "Good—you suffer! but it is not yet enough. Oh! if I only had some instrument of torture! ah—here is one!"

And taking a long pin from her jet black hair, the Italian heated it in the candle, made it red at the point, and then plunged it hissing into the flesh of the dying wretch, who bit his hands in agony.

"Oh! why have not I molten lead to pour into every one of your wounds?" exclaimed the tigress: "why have I not pincers to tear your flesh from your bones in small pieces—to cut you up, fibre by fibre—pang by pang!"

"O God, come to my aid!" cried M. Delfosse, in

the midst of the most horrible convulsions: "O God! hear my prayer!"

"*Your* God!" echoed the Italian, in a tone of joyful raillery; "I thought you had none! How long have you believed in God? From the moment your tortures commenced? But, Oh! far more horrible will be your sufferings in hell—and, then, indeed you may well cry, 'My God! My God!'"

"O Julia! let me live. I am repentant—remorse has reached me at last. Give me time to expiate my sins, and reconcile myself to God."

"No—no," returned the Italian, "you must not live to repent—you must die to suffer eternal misery! I shall be the avenging demon hereafter charged to torment you in hell."

And when the pin was no longer hot, she held it again to the candle, plunged it once more into the wretched man's body, and listened with avidity to the horrible cries the torture elicited from him.

At length those screams became so piercing and so wild, that the Italian began to fear they might alarm the servants: she accordingly stuffed a handkerchief into the mouth of Delfosse to stifle his groans.

"Now," cried she with an infernal laugh, "scream as thou wilt, There is plenty of time before you

till to-morrow morning: I will not suffer you to die till day-break. Yes, Delfosse—still five hours of existence and of torture! Do you see this pin? It shall penetrate your flesh as many times as there are seconds in those five hours.”

And as he was nearly suffocated, the Italian withdrew the handkerchief from his mouth, that she might enjoy the lamentations of him whose torments had not yet assuaged her thirst for vengeance.

“Julia,” said he, in a voice so feeble it was scarcely audible, “do not torture me more. Leave me to die in peace, and I will bequeath to you all my fortune.”

“Agreed!” cried the Italian, a ray of delight illuminating her eyes. “But I must have it *all*—none must share it with me—it shall be a dowry for my daughter.”

“You shall have it, Julia,” said the dying man. “Bring me writing materials—and loosen my hands.”

Madame Alvare hastened to untie the handkerchief, and then proceeded to fetch the ink and paper.

In the meantime M. Delfosse stretched out one of his hands, and opened a little cupboard concealed in the wall of the alcove.

"Here are writing materials," said Madame Alvarez, bending over the couch.

At that moment the dying man, inspired by rage and a hope of vengeance, seized the Italian with one hand by the hair of her head, and with the other he blew her brains out. It was a pistol which he had sought in the little cupboard!

When his servants entered the room, they found M. Delfosse a corpse in his bed, his countenance distorted, and his teeth clenched together. In one of his hands he held a quantity of long jetty hair, to which hung a portion of a human skull black and bleeding!

CHAPTER III.

JULES JANIN.

FORTUNATELY in connection with the eminent names which stand at the head of these chapters, we are not compelled to speak of those sufferings which remain concealed in the obscure garrets where they germinate and die with the authors who are their victims ; nor of the nights of festivity and boisterous mirth, to which succeed mornings of despair, disgust, and hunger, with all the sad escort of poverty ; nor of the golden coin earned by the sweat of the *brain* and the out-pouring of the riches of the imagination in a sorrowful enterprise, the interest of which shall scarcely amount to a sufficiency to defray the necessities of the morrow ; nor of the pleasure which the

author feels when he spreads before the eyes of his famished wife the produce of days of toil; nor of the shudder caused by the knock of the usurer at the author's door; nor of the stratagems with which he evades the designs of his remorseless creditor;—thank God, it is not our painful duty to occupy the reader with a philosophical, logical, or didactic account of such misery; nor to arouse his sympathies or his censure with the sufferings, the weaknesses, the failings, or the vices of an extensive portion of every community:—no, such has not been our task, because the writers whom we have here introduced to the English public, are all wealthy and unacquainted with those disappointments, those agonies, those moments of despair which not unfrequently succeed long night-watchings and painful vigils, the fatigues of which are only supported by the sanguine hope that the morrow will produce its fruits. But we must nevertheless commence this chapter with a tale that is too well known in Paris—a tale, the incident of which is the affecting and tragical end of two young men who destroyed themselves in despair, in disgust, in an excess of cowardice or false heroism, or in a moment of temporary derangement.

Victor Escousse and Auguste Lebras were two young authors, who formed a literary partnership,

and composed their plays together. A few days after the representation of their first essay in the dramatic world, an article appeared in the *Journal des Debats*, signed J. J., which traced for the authors a horoscope full of promise and future renown. Encouraged by this flattering review of their mutual work—a review that was written by one of the first of French critics in the first of European journals—the two young men dreamt of nothing but happiness, success, fortune, and fame. Too much adulation turned their heads, and impeded the progressive improvement of their infant faculties. They renewed their labours, and composed a piece entitled *Pierre III.*, which was represented at the Theatre Français, and completely failed. The public had given Escousse and Lebras a favourable trial in a second effusion, and expressed their disappointment in terms so unequivocal, that the young authors became disgusted with their judges and the decision of their critics. They however again appeared before a Parisian audience, and produced *Paul*, which was performed at the Theatre Feydeau, and *Rémond*, which was represented at the Gaîté. They both failed on the same evening; and those who that night entered the Café de la Porte Saint Martin, saw two young men seated at a table, their counte-

nances pale, their shouts of laughter wild and convulsive! They were dressed in mean attire—they had expected that the next morning would have mended their fortunes; but all their hopes were blighted in the bud. Those two young men were Victor Escousse and Auguste Lebras. They were proud—they were gentlemen—they were in want—and they disdained the idea of accepting from the hands of charity that which they could not procure by their own united talents. Lebras had the soul and sentiments of a poet: but his genius was not exercised. His aims were beyond his capacities; his flights were on Icarian wings that the sun would dissolve in the boldness of his ascent. In the midst of the deepest distress, he had endeavoured to prolong from day to day an existence that hope had alone rendered endurable; and now that this hope was destroyed—that this anticipation was unrealized—that himself and his friend were doomed to drink the bitter cup of defeat and indigence to its very dregs, he could bear no more. And he said to Escousse, in the morning after the failure of their two plays, "Let us no longer buoy ourselves up with vain and futile hopes; but let us terminate a wretched existence!" And Escousse replied, "Yes—let us die—and die together!" Their terrible

design was put into execution. Escousse felt himself too weak in mind and purpose to *die* alone—Lebras was unable to *live* alone. They perished in each other's arms, like two faithful friends, and terminated a miserable existence in the convulsions of asphyxia.

The article which raised the hopes of these unfortunate young men, and which was signed J. J., was written by the subject of this chapter—the literary editor of the *Journal des Debats*—the eminent critic whose opinion is the judgment of France, and whose pen is seldom used without effect. Indeed, the importance which is attached to his *fiat* is unhappily only too well illustrated by the above anecdote.

Jules Janin is the author of one of the finest books in the French language—*Le Chemin de Traversée*. The characters and the incidents are few, for the work is a great moral lecture constructed on a slender ground-work of fiction. It teaches the necessity of pursuing a direct path in our journey through life, and paints the evils that await a deviation into a bye-road. The young hero, on his arrival in Paris, meets with an uncle who is rich and noble, and who undertakes to fashion his nephew into that which may be called a man of the world—or in

other words, a selfish man. For some time the youth is confused and astounded by the new doctrines broached by his relative: he knows not whether to admire or to shun the preceptor whom he can scarcely comprehend. At length his doubts are at once reduced to a certainty; and he discovers that his uncle, in becoming a man of the world, has learned to prey *upon* the world. He accompanies that uncle to the Post Office, is introduced into a secret apartment, and witnesses the ceremony of opening the letters by the government agents. Such was the practice in France; but thanks to the march of intelligence and civilisation, so great an atrocity can exist no longer.

Besides the *Chemin de Traverse*, the principal works of Jules Janin are the *Contes Fantastiques et Littéraires*—the *Contes Nouveaux*—*Timon Alceste*—*Barnave*—*La Confession*—*L'Ane Mort et la Femme Guillotinée*—*Un Cœur pour deux Amours*—*Le Piédestal*—and *Paris depuis La Revolution de 1830*.

His style is remarkably original and quaint—his satire keen and cutting to the very quick—his sarcasm irresistible—his love of redundancy and antithesis of expression great in the extreme. He is fervently devoted to the cause of the elder Bourbons

—he looks upon the Revolution of July as the stepping stone to political and moral anarchy—he maintains that the arts and sciences were never in a more flourishing condition than under the “good King Charles the Tenth”—he believes that a true poet must be a true Christian, and that faith and hope are the soul of poesy—he deplores the liberality of sentiment generally professed by his brother authors—he admires De Lamartine and pities Victor Hugo—in fine, he is a Conservative, a Legitimist, and a Christian. Woe to the author whose work forms the subject of an unfavourable *critique* in the *Feuilleton* of the *Journal des Debats*—woe to the artist whose picture fails to please Jules Janin—woe to the dramatist whose new play is destined to undergo the penalty of the knout inflicted by his hand. And happy is the author—happy is the artist—and happy is the dramatist, whose performances merit his favourable attention: impartial as he is severe, Janin will mete forth the due tribute of praise without suppressing an iota of the smallest value; for if he know how to vituperate, he is also well able to applaud. He is seldom unjust, and never malicious: he, however, has his prejudices as well as all those who obstinately oppose the march of intelligence by arresting the progress of freedom; but, in

his review of literary productions, he is not swayed in opinion by the political sentiments of partizans. This remark, indeed, may, with very few exceptions, be applied to all French critics: the *Feuilleton* is never prostituted to improper uses, nor do the *critiques* which it contains echo the sentiments of the leading article, or serve the purposes of prejudice and party spirit. The idea of reviewing all books in a liberal or conservative spirit, according to the bias of the opinions professed by the periodical, would never enter the head of a French critic.

Jules Janin is the avowed disciple of the elder Bourbons. He lingers upon the ruins of the ancient dynasty, like Marius sitting amongst the crumbling monuments of departed Carthaginian grandeur. He speaks of the Restoration as a Christian talks of the nativity of Christ. The worship of the Deity and the necessity of blind obedience towards a monarch are his creeds. He would gladly see the young Duke of Bordeaux *King of France*, instead of Louis Philippe *King of the French*. He weeps when he reflects upon the downfall of the royal house of Charles: he looks upon the republicans of the present day with horror and distrust.

The following remarkable tale—the most singular

effort of the imagination ever yet produced in any age, or in any country—will convey a far better idea of the peculiarity of this author's writings, and the originality of his genius, than whole volumes of laboured and minute comment.

THE ORPHAN.

Alas for the young girl of my story! Misery had her in its grasp. Misery—that cold and speechless companion—followed her, step by step, upon her lonely path. Misery wore out her faded frock—tore her only handkerchief—let the water through her broken shoes, in to her little feet. Misery made her bed with four small trusses of straw, and heated her stove with an ounce of fuel. Misery was her chamber-maid at morning and at night. Misery spread her scanty table, on her little hand, red with the cold. She went on her way, followed, and preceded, and surrounded on all sides, by her gloomy companion, Misery.

And like none other is that companion—having no heart, no soul, no smile, no tears, no pity,—naught that is proper to human companionship. Any other comrade—aye, even among comrades in a gaol—attaches himself to his comrade, and shares with him the little that he has—even where he has

nothing to share. But Misery is a wretch, who speaks not, sighs not, gives no assuring glance—yet presses on you with a weight like lead. And yet the poor young girl tripped lightly along her road.

She took her way to the dwelling of an aged woman—one of those aged women, the moral sewers of great towns—the sinks towards which flow all the impurities of the human passions. One of those sacrilegious wretches was she, who dishonour the sanctity of grey hairs: hideous wrinkles have they, and huge dry and bony hands which they stretch out upon you at the corners of streets, and whose touch chills you, even through the folds of your cloak. And yet that old woman had shared the lot of the young, and was herself the widow of crime. But she, in all her misery, had still a leathern chair left to sit upon, an earthen pot to put charcoal in to warm herself by, and a great cat that she might love something. For the rest, the old woman was gloomy, dull-eyed, stoop-headed, and lank-haired: but her huge cat set up its back proudly, as the young girl came in!

My heroine (alas! alas! the poor thing was trembling as a dove) advanced towards the old woman:—she stood before the hag, and spake lowly and humbly, pointing, by gesture and by look, to her

invisible companion—Misery! Invisible! and yet they who have eyes may see it on the right, and on the left—long, thin, and sharp—and circling, like the air, round the poor. But the old crone, stern in her own wretchedness, was stern towards the wretchedness of others. Her's was one of those tough souls which have become so, in passing over all the rough places of life—a soul battered, tanned, soiled, scraped, peeled, wrinkled, wasted, and pliable as the gum-arabic in the desk of a critic or a bailiff.

The aged woman remained for a space of time shrunk up in her contemplations, cowering, as it were, at the bottom of her own filthy soul. Then lifting up her eyes, she looked on that fair thin face, whose roundness it were easy to restore—those little hands that might be made so white—that blue eye with its long lashes;—and the witch breathed from her foul breast a tainted sigh. That sweet face had brought before her, the memory of happier times. In better days, how would she have rejoiced to adorn that body, whose rich forms the tattered garments failed to hide—to enhance with the whitest lace, that small head so delicately turned—to cover with fine tissues those shoulders so fresh and polished—to put snowy gloves upon those snow-cold hands—to imprison

within a narrow shoe that little foot, playing so prettily, and at large, within its coarse and worn-out covering! What a master-piece could the vile hag have made of that starving girl! She would have wrought a miracle upon her, like that of Pygmalion. And when her master-piece *was* created—when it stood in beauty, erect on its pedestal, warmed by the sun, and sparkling at once in the light from within, and the light from on high, then would the wrinkled and dirty-petticoated Phidias have summoned around her handy-work all the *connoisseurs* from city and from court. Then would this hag-Pygmalion have put her statue up to public sale, and prostituted her Galatea for gold;—for such had been amongst the pleasant and profitable occupations of the witch in her better days!

Before the aspect of that fair young girl, her dull countenance expanded into an expression of something like intelligence. She gazed from head to foot, and from foot to head, on the unformed and charming block. She paused—like the artist of Lafontaine before the marble of Carrara. “Shall it be a God, a table, or a wash-hand bason? It shall be a God!” says the artist, in the first burst of his enthusiasm. “But then—the art! Who now-a-

days cares for art?" The sculptor, about to form a god, remembers suddenly that the gods have no longer a worship! and the marble beneath his hand becomes a wash-hand bason. The hag shook her head with an air of discontent:—she too felt that she had lost her god!

"My child," said she to the poor girl, "I can do nothing for you, my child! I am dying with hunger myself, while I speak to you. There come no more customers to my shop, so frequented of old. No one knocks by night at my door; and by day vainly does that door stand open. Misery! misery! misery!"

And she caressed her great cat; and the great cat put up its great back.

And the young girl sate herself hopelessly down on the ground before the old hag's fire. That fire was the earthen-pot, filled with ashes, but nigh exhausted, and sending forth an odour like the foul breath of one in a fever. And as she thus sate, she was face to face with the hag; and the old woman, with a look of regret, and almost of pity, passed her withered fingers through the orphan's long fair hair—an unpremeditated act, which brought vaguely back into her mind the cares she had long ago bestowed upon the fleeces of her flock.

Pliant, and silky, and thick, and free from all corrupting essences, were those bright tresses. They were the beautiful tresses of a poor and unoccupied girl, who has nothing better to do than adorn herself with the sole adornment which is left her. The rich curls floated down about her white and slender neck, and clustered in ringlets around her ivory forehead. The aged hag played with their shining masses. A breath of wind disturbed the ashes in the earthen pot, and the small white flakes fell upon the long fair hair; and when they descended, you could not have shown the spots on which they rested—so bright were the colours of those flaxen tresses.

Suddenly a thought struck the hag!

“Wilt thou sell thy long hair?” said she to the poor young girl.

Cowering down as she was over the earthen pot (for the child was cold), her senses stupified by hunger and the foul vapour of the almost extinguished charcoal, (that bastard opium, provided for the suicides of the poor)—the deserted girl scarcely heard her. The words “sell thy hair” sounded in her ears like words heard in a dream—one of those dreams of hunger and of cold which fill up the sleep of the friendless—painful dreams which linger the

live-long night, and are yet regretted when the morning has dispelled them. Oh ! cold and hunger make heavy dreams ! but even these are light beside the waking pangs that realize the visions !

The old woman, with the cool unconcern of a shop-woman about to give false measure, and holding the rich tresses by the roots, set about comparing their length with the length of her arm ; and the bright and silken hair, matched against the stringy tendons which stretched beneath her own yellow skin, took from the contrast a hue yet more tender. The hag herself, unconsciously struck by the contrast, sate long, with out-stretched arm, gazing by turns upon the glossy ringlets and the withered arm. While yet she gazed—a thin, grey fibre of hair straggled out from beneath the dirty cap of the withered crone ;—it was as if the dry and meagre lock had looked forth, to gaze with envy upon the flowing ringlets of the fair young girl !

“ Wilt thou sell thy hair ? ” asked the hag. “ It is a good ell in length ; and, if thou wilt, I will bring thee fifteen francs.”

The young girl, tossing her rich tresses, first on one side, and then to the other, and parting, with her wasted fingers, the ringlets that clustered round her forehead, lifted up her large moist eyes, and

answered with a sad smile. But she was hungry ; and the strife of hunger against her innocent and enfeebled vanity was too unequal. For fifteen francs she sold the treasure of her beautiful hair !

The old woman stooped down, and busied herself, amid the interruptions of her asthmatic cough, with a basket in which slumbered the great cat. Gently, as if she had herself been gentle, she disturbed the cat, and commenced a search amongst the materials of his bed. It was a large basket, filled with rags—old scarfs, once rose-coloured, but faded now, of which she made wrappers for her head—collars and tippets, their plaits destroyed, and themselves fallen into holes, which she manufactured into pocket-handkerchiefs—old clocked stockings, some with silken calves and woollen feet, and others with woollen calves and silken feet, and for the most part without heels, either of silk or of wool. These she flung about her on all sides. The strange things were scattered round the chamber—old knots of rose-red riband—the bed-gown of dimity, befitting the morning—stains, holes, ragged embroideries—all the horrible *pêle-mêle* of a vicious and faded luxury, were mingled in that filthy basket ;—and beneath the whole, lay a pair of scissors. That pair of scissors was the object of the witch's search.

And then she took the scissors ; and raising in her hand the tresses of the starving girl—unto the very roots—even until she grazed the skin—began to cut, or rather saw, that ample and flowing covering, which might have made the envy of a queen. And the old hag sawed, and the scissors creaked, and the young thing sate cowering over the ashes and spoke no word. Pope has written a poem on the “ Rape of the Lock,” and Marmontel has translated Pope’s poem. But there was none to sing of the long bright hair which fell beneath the hand of the unhallowed hag. Three quarters of an hour did her infamous labour go on,—and then the sacrifice was consummated !

When all was done, the beautiful spoil was enclosed in an old theatrical journal—another wreck of the vile opulence of former days. The poor child held out her hand ; and the witch gave her fourteen francs, instead of the fifteen promised. And the young girl arose, and went silently forth. But the cold was piercing, and its icy shafts fell direct and sharp upon her shorn head. An hour ago and a simple cap of gauze was covering enough for that pretty head ; but now, the frost pierced to her brain, and was sore to bear. Gone were alike its beauty and its warmth—the glossy ringlets and the

genial covering ; and from their meagre price, the poor girl was obliged to buy a warm cap, ere she bought bread.

And then, the rest lasted six days—six mortal days of loneliness and weariness. But her morning's joy was gone!—her once proud moment, in each melancholy day, when, in a fragment of broken mirror, she had been wont to gaze upon her long fair hair. She had parted with that unfailing clothing made so rich by the hand of nature, which had used to console her with the thought of its beauty, when, at times, she would grieve that she had no bonnet. And all this was lost to her for a long—long time.

And then, again came hunger ; and again came her sad companion, Misery,—sudden and more silent than before ! And the poor girl went back to the dwelling of the hag, pressing her forehead—her naked and despoiled forehead—with her two thin hands !

The old woman was seated as she entered. She was darning ; and as she darned, she hummed a bacchic song, which had stolen into her memory because she was athirst. She scarcely looked on the humble and timid girl, who stole, as the friendless and forsaken steal, into her den.

"All that I can do for you," said the hag, abruptly, and roughly, "is to purchase that tooth there, which is not wanted for anything that you can have to eat!"

And she laid her infected finger upon a white and pearly tooth, worth a kingdom's purchase where it grew.

The tooth which she touched—that accursed hag!—was the very tooth which earliest shows itself in a smile—the tooth first seen between the parting roses of the lips—the tooth which rests upon the lover's brow—the tooth which shapes the sweet words, "I love thee." It gives their charms to smiles, their grace to tears, its accent to love, and to the flute-player his tone. Take away that tooth, and farewell flute, and farewell love! That very tooth it was which the profane old sybil touched.

And then, too, with such a careless air; and there was such an easy indifference and defiance about the wretch, as she chaffered over her unholy bargain.

"The young girl might take her offer, or leave it, just as she pleased! It was only for the sake of doing her a service! So much the worse for her if she did not choose! it was her own loss! There were

plenty of teeth to buy and sell! Had she not given her a good price for her hair?"

The neglected girl, stupified with sorrow—indifferent besides, and too poor to think of being lovely—the forsaken girl said, "Yes!"—and the hag led her to the dwelling of a dentist.

In the chain of existence, the dentist is, as are the sculptor and the painter, the artist of luxury. A man must be prosperous and well to do in the world, who buys a picture or a statue, or who gets his teeth put in order. The dentist of our old woman hastily displayed his case, prepared his instruments, and examined the mouth of the young girl. But when he beheld it so healthy—so rosy, fresh, and sweet (for all its teeth were regular as a string of pearls, and had the firm and warm tone which announce duration)—then the dentist avowed that he saw no pretext for operating on that pretty mouth.

"I do not see a single tooth to straighten or to polish," he said, restoring the instrument to the case.

"You are to extract that tooth there," said the old woman; "I have occasion for it."

"I dare not do it," returned the dentist.

"Then we will seek another dentist," cried the old woman.

The dentist reflected that it was useless, if the tooth *must* come out, to leave it to be extracted by another. And then the times were very hard! He took out his instruments again, and approached the young girl.

“If I took out one of the teeth from the lower jaw,” he said, in a whisper to the old woman, “the loss would not be seen.”

The unmoved hag again pointed with her skinny finger to the tooth which she had selected; and the dentist proceeded, without farther remonstrance, to his operation. It was long and painful. The tooth held on by its deepest roots. The poor girl suffered a frightful torture. But the dentist was a skilful dentist; and the tooth yielded at length, coming forth at the end of the instrument, with only a small portion of its socket adhering. The young girl was faint and they gave her water to drink. Then the old hag put eighteen francs into her hand—and after a moment's pause, she added two more; for the reflection arose within her, that the tooth would not shoot again, as the hair might; and the hag was just, after her own fashion. Oh! the strange haunts in which the conscience hides!

The poor girl returned to her garret, richer by

twenty francs, and poorer by a tooth! But when she saw herself again in her broken glass, and beheld her swollen mouth, and the chasm opened between her red lips,—when she heard the air from her lungs whistle as it issued through her teeth, and saw the strange contortion which had replaced her sweet smile,—when she felt that her landlord, as she paid him, spoke to her with less of compassion than had been his wont,—and when she heard echo through her soul that dreary word, “Ugly! thou art ugly!”—then did the poor and half-naked girl feel herself poorer and more naked than she had ever done before; and she sate down and sobbed—though her eyes gave no tears. And then, in the bitterness of her sorrow, she bowed her head upon her hands, and that brought fresh grief; and, as she felt its nakedness, in this hour of her shaken spirit and deep desolation, her hands recoiled from the touch, as if they had met with red-hot iron!

Twenty days longer she lived upon her tooth—twenty sad and cheerless days—twenty days that heard no word of friendship, and saw no smile. She had lost the sole protectors that Nature had given, and fortune left her—her sweet smile, and her fair hair! She had sold the two friends of her youth! She had parted with the rich ornaments

that cost nothing, and yet were so precious, and that nothing would replace. She had lain hands upon herself;—more wretched, and more to be pitied, a thousand times, for this suicide in detail, than all the young girls who perish entirely and at once, the victims of a wronged and slighted love!

And then, that sad companion of her orphaned fate had been removed but by the thickness of a hair and the breadth of a tooth; and Misery came back—and came more livid and more lean than before—and spread his huge bat's wings around the unfortunate girl—and counted her teeth one by one, and her hairs one by one. And at length, driven from her garret, and bearing with her from that asylum only her broken bit of mirror—as one bears about one a remorse—she wandered through the streets, and once more took the path to the old hag's dwelling. The aged wretch was at her solitary meal. She was eating soup from a broken porringer. It was a succulent and fragrant soup, enriched with vegetables and pieces of savoury meat floating amid the broth. The poor girl gazed on the old woman as she ate, and she felt that she was hungry: but the hag felt it not. Yet she did not forget her cat, to whom she left the bottom of the porringer—the richest portion of the broth. The well-fed cat

was long ere it would touch the soup; and the poor girl felt that it would not have waited so long for her!

When the cursed old hag had wiped her chin with her arm, her arm with her hand, and her hand on the pocket of her petticoat, she said to the young girl, "I have found something else for thee, my child, since thou hast courage. Come along with me; and I will take thee to one who will pay thee well. Come on—and tremble not!"

"I will go with you," said the miserable orphan. "But I am hungry. Give me a morsel of the bread which I see there, and I will eat it as I go along."

So saying, she seized eagerly on the bread: but the hag arrested her arm.

"It would do thee harm, my child! It is lucky for the business which we have in hand, that thou hast not eaten."

And the two went out together. But the old hag did not choose to be compromised by the public contact of one poorer than her poor self; and she desired the young girl to walk at a distance, and follow whither she should lead. Now the old woman had on new shoes, purchased with the orphan's hair, whereas the orphan wore a pair of old slippers, and full of holes. The old woman had a shawl over her

shoulders, bought with the orphan's tooth; while the shoulders of the orphan were almost bare.

They paused before a house of showy appearance in the Rue de Tournon, traversed a spacious court, and mounted a narrow staircase on the left hand. When they reached the second storey, the old woman rang a bell; the door was opened by a servant in rich livery, and the two females were introduced into the house.

The apartment had a promising look. There was a turning-lathe in the middle of the room, evidently designed for amusement more than labour, and fitted up in a manner which announced rather the toy of a young man of good family, than the machine of a simple workman. In the corner of the room a tall young man, lancet in hand, and in the attitude of the most profound pre-occupation, was busied in scientifically bleeding a cabbage-leaf. He selected the most delicate veins of the innocent vegetable; and when by the use of his instrument, he had succeeded in drawing a little blood,—that is to say, a small issue of the whitish juice of the leaf,—he uttered an exclamation of satisfaction, as self-gratulatory as if he had just given the finishing turn to a pipe for himself, or a silk-reel for his sisters.

The old woman approached, dragging after her the young girl.

"M. Henri," said she to the young man, "I have brought you the vein for which you applied to me. Look there! abundant choice for you is here, I should think! Look how all these pretty veins cross each other, beneath the silvery skin. This is better than your cabbage-leaves, I fancy!"

And M. Henri—an Esculapius of eighteen years old, a physician of fifteen days' standing, and an anatomist since yesterday—took the white and beautifully-shaped arm, and looked at it with a small smile of self-sufficiency.

He gazed—not on the poor girl, so pale, and yet so beautiful—not on the young bosom which throbbed so wildly—not on the eye, blue as heaven, which looked up to him so supplicatingly—not even on the hand, so delicately small, which lay in his own;—of all that charming body, he gazed only on one object—one single vein! Without uttering a word—cold and insensible as his own lancet, he made on the blue vein of that poor hungry girl—a vein which she sold to him without knowing its price—his apprenticeship as a bleeder of men—he, who, up to that day, had been a bleeder of cabbages!

Behold the triumph of science over our young men of the present day! They have neither passions, nor hearts, nor pity, nor love! Shew them a beautiful woman:—she must stand at the bar of justice, to attract the notice of the student in law; she must have a vein to breathe, ere she will be looked upon by the student in medicine. Poor girls! “And suppose you had made a mistake with the vein, M. Henri! There would have been a woman less in the world, and that’s all, I suppose!”—But then, M. Henri, knew very well what he was doing, and could not make a mistake: he had already bled such a quantity of cabbage-leaves!

I will not tell you the price that Henri paid the poor girl for her vein: it would make you tremble! The meanest barber of the old time would have blushed to take a fee so small for bleeding a clown. True it is, to be sure, if the blood *were* to be paid for, that there flowed but little from the open vein; for the poor girl had but little left to lose!

And M. Henri, all triumphant for his first bleeding, dismissed the two females: and he left a little blood upon the point of his lancet, that he might shew his sisters how skilful a bleeder he was become. —Stick to your cabbage-leaves, M. Henri!

The old woman led the fainting girl to a tavern;

and, as they went along, she said, "Thou seest, my child, that I was right in forbidding thee to eat. Nothing is more hurtful than bleeding, during digestion. But now, that it is over, we will go and drink together."

And they went, and the hag drank of the wine for which the orphan paid; and if any one had said to the accursed wretch, "It is blood which thou drinkest!"—she would have answered confidently, "No—it is wine!"

It was my design, when I commenced this sad history, to narrate to you, circumstantially, all the partial sales of this forlorn girl. All of her body she sold—all save that only which so many of her sex sell—her virtue! The hapless girl, after having sold her vein to a student, sold her head to a painter. She sate for a subject in a city of the plague—so pale was she! Then they put *rouge* upon her, —and she may be seen to-day amongst the saints, in the Church of Saint-Estephe, and in the Cathedral of Antwerp. She sold her neck to a modeller; and the plaster, unskilfully applied, took away for ever the down of the peach. Her shoulder and her foot she sold to a statuary—the bosses of her head to a craniologist—and her hours of slumber to a disciple of Mesmer. She sold her dreams to a cook,

who speculated in the Lottery—and her entire body to the Gymnase Dramatique theatre, as a *figurante*. Had she been in London, she would have sold her corpse to a surgeon ; but we live in a land where corpses are abundant and fetch nothing !

CHAPTER IV.

DE BERENGER.

DE BERENGER is the poet of the French people. His songs may be heard in the workshop of the artisan, in the barrack of the soldier, in the field tilled by the labourer, in the *cabaret* frequented by the indigent and poor, in the public university, in the private seminary, in the humble cottage, and on the green where the village peasants dance. His name is not only loved—it is more—it is revered. The persecutions he has experienced at the hands of government from time to time, and the tempting offers of place and pension which he received during the Hundred Days, subjected his patriotism to a severe test; but the firmness with which he bore the former

and refused the latter, convinced the world of the sincerity of his opinions, and rendered still more dear to the people those effusions which emanated from his heart. His popularity has long been universal in France; for the man, who can sing the glories of his country, and support its privileges at the same time by his verse and his personal sacrifices, must indeed be endeared to those for whom he writes and suffers. Neither fine, imprisonment, nor the temptations of bribery, could silence the music of his harp: his strain echoed from the prison walls, penetrated into the remotest corner of France, and swept through the palace of the monarch like the warning voice of an upbraiding Conscience.

Peter John De Berenger was born on the 19th of August, in the year 1780, at the house of his grandfather, who was a tailor, in Paris. The first political incident which seems to have made any degree of impression upon his mind, was the destruction of the Bastille—that memorable event, which deprived the throne of despotism of its principal prop, and which he celebrated forty years afterwards in immortal verse. It was during his incarceration in Saint Pelagie, for an imputed libel against the government, that he embodied in a poem the recollections of the capture of that most horrible of inquisitions; and it

was at the same time that his friends and admirers subscribed the ten thousand francs to pay the fine which had formed part of the sentence pronounced against him. At the age of ten, Berenger was entrusted to the care of his aunt, who kept a small inn, or rather public-house, in the vicinity of Peronne; and under her almost maternal guidance, his mind was first imbued with those noble and generous sentiments which he afterwards transferred to his poems. When he was twelve years old, he was nearly struck blind by lightning—a circumstance to which he refers in *Le Tailleur et La Fée*. At fourteen, he was apprenticed to Laisné, an eminent printer; at seventeen he returned to his father in Paris; and at eighteen he sketched the plan of a play, entitled *Les Hermaphrodites*, which has never been published. His next attempt was an epic poem, called *Clovis*; but this was not completed; and the sad escort of indigence and poverty came to enrol the young aspirant amidst the number of its votaries. It was then that he became so intimately acquainted with the wants, the sentiments, and the peculiarities of the lower classes; and from having been their companion, he constituted himself their bard. His third essay was a poem in four cantos, entitled *Le Pèlerinage*; but its publication was attended with

no considerable degree of success : its very simplicity and moral tendency were but little calculated to attract attention, in such an epoch as the year 1802.

In 1805 Berenger was recommended to the editor of *Les Annales du Muséum*, to which publication he contributed several papers that were remarkable for the neatness and simplicity of their style. He shortly after obtained the situation of one of the clerks in the Institute, a place which he retained until 1821, when the liberality of his opinions, expressed both orally and in his songs, caused his dismissal. In 1822 he was imprisoned for three months in Saint Pelagie ; and in 1829 he was conveyed for nine months to the goal which is denominated the *Force*. He now resides at Passy, in the suburbs of Paris ; and lives contentedly on that which few would even deem a competency.

Berenger's songs have been published in five different collections ;—the first in the year 1815 ; the second in 1822 ; the third in 1825 ; the fourth in 1828 ; and the fifth in 1833. The same critical remarks will pretty nearly apply to them all. They are characterised by an uncompromising spirit of patriotism and independence, which has conferred upon them the immortality the Latin bard so sublimely

declared to be more durable than brass. Berenger's monument is to be found in the hearts of the French people, the lowest of whom know how to appreciate, if not the gracefulness and beauty of his verse, at least its simplicity and truth. His songs possess the peculiar charm of producing dramatic effect and exciting the noble feelings of the mind to an extent attained by no contemporary productions. They are as graphic in description, as pathetic in sentiment, and as energetic in expression, as they are soul-stirring and forceful in their language. They demonstrate the liveliness of the imagination, and the stubborn rectitude of the mind of their author; and the keenness of their satire and the effervescence of their wit are everywhere apparent.

We shall quote the three poems following as specimens of the style of De Berenger. The reader will however have the kindness to remember that the sentiments contained in the second are by no means identified with our own: we act as an impartial critic, and we are not answerable for the opinions or language of the author whom we cite. The subject of the first is the Veteran Corporal's address to his comrades, as they lead him forth to the place of military execution.

THE VETERAN CORPORAL.

Forward, brave comrades in full many a fight,
Your muskets charged—those arms prepared to kill;
The tears you shed around me yester-night,
I almost feel upon my forehead still.
When peace incentive urged me to retire
From busy scenes of tumult and of war,
Fool that I was to fancy that the fire
Of glory still might be my leading star.
Slow be thy solemn pace,—
Nor weep thy comrade's doom;
For short is now the space
Between him and the tomb!

Struck by a stripling decked with misused power,
My sword alone could vindicate the blow:
Such was the crime that thus advanced the hour,
When as meet penalty my blood must flow.
At Austerlitz and Arcole have I bled—
'Twas mine the snows of Muscovy to brave;
And now an angry moment, that has fled,
With stern decree condemns me to the grave!
Slow be thy solemn pace,—
Nor weep thy comrade's doom;
For short is now the space
Between him and the tomb!

Soldiers! would ye against the cross* I wear
Exchange a limb?—Yet, in the bloody fray,
When monarchs fled before our armies—there
I won the cross which is your mark to day!
Full oft at eve the hist'ry of each fight
Has changed the hours to minutes, as we sate
Around the board on which the wine was bright:—
Alas! that glory's stamped my present fate!
Slow be thy solemn pace,—
Nor weep thy comrade's doom;
For short is now the space
Between him and the tomb.

And there is one among ye who knows well
My native village:—thither let him hie,
Henceforth in blest tranquillity to dwell,
Nor seek those paths that haste the hour to die!
In early youth, amidst my father's lands,
Devoid of care, 'twas mine to rove at will,
Or pluck th' inviting fruits with eager hands:—
Alas! a tender mother loves me still!
Slow be thy solemn pace,—
Nor weep thy comrade's doom;
For short is now the space
Between him and the tomb!

* The decoration of the Legion of Honour.

Whose mourning voice my fate seems to deplore ?

Is it the widow of my comrade slain ?

From Russian snows her infant child I bore,

Tended it night and day, and soothed *her* pain.

Else had they perished in that cheerless land—

For none was found to succour them but I,—

And now, with suppliant voice and upraised hand,

She prays to heaven to bless me ere I die !

Slow be thy solemn pace,—

Nor weep thy comrade's doom ;

For short is now the space

Between him and the tomb !

Let not th' accurs'd bandage stay my view !

The warrior may not shrink, though face to face

He find himself with Death !—My friends, adieu—

We enter now upon the destined place !

Mark well your aim—be sure to let your eye

Rest on the glitt'ring cross in battle won !

Once more, adieu ! and may the Lord on high

To ev'ry mother safe restore her son !

Slow be thy solemn pace,—

Nor weep thy comrade's doom ;

For short is now the space

Between him and the tomb !

SONG

One morn the Lord jumped out of bed,
In glorious mood for us, 'tis said ;
And from the window poked his nose ;—
“ Their planet's perished, I suppose,”
Cried he ; till happily discerning
Earth in a distant corner turning—
“ If I can discover how they get on,
May the devil take me to hell for one—”
Said he, “ may the devil take me for one !

“ Black men or white, of nations all,
Mortals that I have made so small,”
Exclaimed the Lord with loving air,
“ They say my hand directs ye there ;
But you should know, thank heav'ns ! that I
Have understrappers in the sky ;—
And if I don't make two or three of them quit,
May the devil take me, or the devil's in it ;
Yes,” cried the Lord, “ the devil's in it !

“ That ye, my sons, may not repine,
I've given girls as well as wine ;
And yet ye little pygmies call,
'Spite of my teeth, me lord of all ;—
And then your armies (not to shoot me)
Fire cannon sometimes to salute me.

But if ever I led a battalion to fight,
May the devil himself take me off to-night—
Yes—may he take me off to-night !

“ What do those dwarfs so well’ robed round,
On thrones where gilded nails abound ?
What do they—proud of power to kill,
Those petty chiefs* of your ant-hill ?
They make no bones to say that I
Did consecrate their tyranny :—
But if ever I gave them a right to sway,
May the devil himself then take me away—
Yes—may the devil take me away !

“ There are black dwarfs, for ever sending
Incense to heav’n, my nose offending,
Making their lives an endless Lent,
And always on their psalms intent ;
Then preaching sermons, doubtless fine,
But Hebrew to these ears of mine.
And if I believe a word that they write,
May the devil himself take me off to-night :
Yes,” said God, “ take me off to-night !

“ Children, no more my slumbers break !
The just alone in heav’n I’ll take :

* The Kings of the Earth.

None but the good shall enter here—
 So live for wine and women dear !
 Hate Kings—nor let the false one rise !—
 Adieu—for I'm afraid of spies ;—
 Though if one dare enter my house, I know well
 That the devil himself may fetch me to hell—
 Yes—he may fetch me direct to hell !”

THE REMINISCENCES OF THE PEOPLE.

France shall sing Napoleon's glory
 In the humble cot for ever ;
 Fifty summers hence she'll never
 Listen to another story !
 At eve shall meet each village swain,
 To hear some agèd crone recite
 The deeds of other days again,
 And thus to wile away the night.
 “ Well,” they say, “ the nation's heart
 Constant clings to Bonaparte ;
 Him we adore !
 Mother, speak of him once more !
 Oh ! speak once more !”
 “—It was in my youthful day,
 (Many since that one have flown)
 That the great Napoleon
 Passed the cot in grand array !

On foot I clambered up the hill,
For I was drest in garments gay ;
Methinks I see his cocked hat still,
And riding coat of homely grey !
When he passed, I shook with fear ;
But he said, ' Good day, my dear !'
So kindly too !"
"—Mother, then he noticed you !
He noticed you !"

"—Scarce a year had passed away,
When I saw his princely train,
And Napoleon once again ;
To the church he went that day !
And they were blythe and happy all,
Through crowds admiring moving on ;
While thousands cried, ' May blessings fall
From heav'n on Gallia's fav'rite son !'
Sweet th' imperial champion smiled,
For he thought upon his child,
The infant dear !"
"—Mother, 'twas a glorious year !
A glorious year !"

"—Then, when battle raged around ;
When oppressed by foreign foes,
Braving danger, he arose ;
He to succour France was found !

One night—I never shall forget !
A knocking led me to the door ;
Great God ! my eyes Napoleon met,
Followed by gorgeous trains no more !
In the chair where I am seated,
Sate the hero and repeated
Words of despair : ”
“—Mother, what ! is that the chair ?
Indeed the chair ? ”

“ He by hunger was oppressed ;
Sorry food could I provide :
Then his dripping clothes he dried,
And obtained a partial rest !
At length, awaking from his dreams,
He marked my tears of sorrow fall ;
‘ Be calm,’ he cried, ‘ for Fortune beams
As yet upon the land of Gaul !’
Here’s the goblet, whence his lip
Deigned my humble wine to sip,
Forgotten never ! ”
“—Mother, you will keep it ever ! ”
Will keep it ever ! ”

“—Yes ! behold, regard it well !
He, whose head a Pope had blest,
By his foemen was oppressed :
In a distant isle he fell !

France, tired of hope, believed at last *
He ne'er could come her rights to save ;
And now the ocean must be passed
By those who wish to mark his grave !
When the tidings met my ears,
Frequent were my bitter tears,
My grief to tell !"
"—Mother, heaven keep thee well,
God keep thee well !"

* For a long time the lower orders of the French refused to put the slightest faith in the report of Napoleon's death.

CHAPTER V.

DE TOCQUEVILLE AND MICHEL CHEVALIER.

THE works of these celebrated writers, to which we intend to call the notice of the reader, are those which will enable us to make a few observations relative to the Democracy of the United States and the *Bourgeoisie* of France. We shall therefore at once, proceed to review the separate and opposite opinions to be found in the two publications which have recommended the names of De Tocqueville and Chevalier to the attention of Europe.

I. LA DEMOCRATIE EN AMERIQUE.

II. LETTRES SUR L'AMERIQUE DU NORD.

It has been confidently asserted during the last twenty years that the spirit of Democracy was

rapidly increasing, and the French Revolution of 1830 has apparently given a manifest confirmation to that opinion. When Aristocracy is judged by its own merits, and we find that its total inefficiency is clearly demonstrated, it would almost appear that the friends to Democracy need scarcely attempt to obtain their ends by renewed violence, but may tranquilly await those results which the progressive and rapid development of ideas is destined to bring about. The ancient feudal organization now every where succumbs to new wants and new interests. Even in countries where those interests do not possess legal representation in the state, nor the inhabitants a right of expressing their opinions—even there is liberty begun to be understood, and the sabre would ere now have been drawn from its sheath, had nations more confidence in their own intrinsic powers.

When we thus observe the old military monarchies, as they may be called, succumb beneath the force of principles which are the very antipodes to the conditions of the existence of despotism, it seems reasonable to suppose that these revolutionary movements will continue their course in proportion as social interests and intelligence direct

the march. The political accession of Democracy has therefore been represented as the approximating and fatal termination to that path which is pursued by liberal nations in the present day; and because few have comprehended the real meaning and fathomed the depth of the intermediate opinion now prevalent, it has been scarcely considered otherwise than as a momentary delay fore-running an era of important change.

Hence every eye has been lately turned to that continent where the theory of a government existing by numerical majority has been so successfully reduced to practice, that nothing remains unprovided for in the immense circle traced by its legislation. In the midst of the conflicting discussions, arguments, and opinions originated by the Revolution of July, France began to study America, which had hitherto been represented by one party as a model of excellence, and by others as the tomb of all useful and necessary institutions. In the eighteenth century, philosophers chiefly occupied themselves with China, because that country afforded a remarkable contrast in presenting a picture of extraordinary civilization founded on polytheism in opposition to another based upon Christianity. A

deep solicitude—which, if not similar, is at least not less lively—now induces us to direct our attention towards the United States; and, as justice demanded, France has had the honour of that study of initiation. She has not contented herself with simply sketching isolated portions of a vast whole; she has not judged the Americans in reference to her own peculiar refinement, nor with regard to their generally unpolished manners, rude address, and ill-cut garments. Such criticism was beneath her notice, and only belongs to weak and frivolous women. Seriously considering those vast tracts where nature and man appear to maintain a tacit warfare, the former on the side of grandeur, the latter on that of power and capacity, she has penetrated into the very heart of American institutions to examine their worth, and she has studied with a most exemplary impartiality the causes and present support of a prosperity which rather seems to belong to those times when imagination carries us back to the glories of our early being, than to a century in which all is as yet imperfect. Two French works in particular have attracted public attention, and thrown into a strange controversy an important mass of speculations, opinions, and new facts—two works totally discrepant in style,

at variance in point of views, and yet so singularly linked together as to appear a commencement and a sequel, the one as it regards the other.

The author of *La Démocratie en Amérique* has deeply studied the spirit of American laws, and has brought them back to the pureness of their originating principle: 'the author of the *Lettres sur l'Amérique du Nord* has closely observed the effects of an extensive and just distribution of labour on the condition of a people as yet in its infancy. M. de Tocqueville has systematized doctrines; M. Michel Chevalier has studied those facts that render them applicable. If they accord together in their speculations on political results, the tendency of their motives is totally different. The former, confidently believing in the excellence of the old monarchical governments of Europe, fancies that a similar system will shortly be introduced to the United States; the latter, an enthusiastic disciple in the cause of liberal democracy, is satisfied that Europe will in process of time imbibe and embrace the principles entertained by the Americans. M. de Tocqueville is didactic and rational in his conclusions, as if he imagined that logic alone rules the world: his book is the development of original ideas, and during the perusal it is easy to discover

that a close imitation of the style of Montesquieu, combined with a fixed and inflexible determination to be perspicuous and rational, has totally put a stop to those happy flights of natural talent in which an unshackled mind would have indulged. M. Chevalier is elaborate and free: less stern—less severe in his principles, he is more daring in his conclusions: his thoughts wander ever and anon from America to Europe, from the present to the future, with the rapidity of those rail-roads which he depicts in a manner at once picturesque and scientific: in fine, his letters are a long series of impressions, which, if they be not always correct, do not the less exemplify, in every instance, a vast insight and penetration.

The fact is, that America is better understood by Europeans than by its own citizens. While she is occupied in self-contemplation and self-admiration—a state of quiescent beatitude originated by *amour-propre*—we are in a situation which enables us to judge of her with impartiality and calmness; and we are at length enabled to decide one of the grandest and most difficult problems of the age. We propose to consider in this chapter, *first*, whether in destroying the ancient aristocratic monarchies of Europe, the American democracy would replace

those feudal systems; and, *secondly*, whether the unlimited application of the principle of the sovereignty of the people, as it exists in the United States, is with regard to France the corollary of the government of the middle classes.

It has been judiciously remarked that what constitutes in its essence the government of the United States, is simply the sovereignty of the majority which is perceptible in all its reality, which modifies manners and usages as well as laws, and which has become an existing principle universally admitted, instead of having remained in a state of philosophical abstraction. The American government is the people directing their own affairs, administering for themselves independent of control or resistance, influencing their national representation by the frequency of their elections, and watching over their private and public interests with a jealous and suspicious solicitude. If the American government be representative in form, it is nevertheless directly popular in its spirit. The brief duration of the magistrature and the parliament or Congress in the United States necessarily imbues the various successive administrations with the inevitable bent of ideas, prejudices, and passions which must influence those into whose hands the government of the country is

momentarily entrusted. Hence is frequently imposed upon individuals the necessity of veiling their true characters beneath the garb of hypocrisy ; and if this censure be but little galling to the people of the United States, it is accounted for by the fact that none ever had the audacity nor the wish to fly from it. The inequality, which is remarkable in fortune, is not admitted to extend to intelligence ; and even that very inequality itself—the only one tolerated—is concealed beneath an exterior that invariably protects it.

If opulence have permitted the United States, as it long ago has allowed Europe, to indulge in the pleasures and luxuries of life,—that interior and secret luxury, which resembles the one in vogue amongst the Jews of the middle ages, does not modify and change the general habits that have stamped American life with a stern and monotonous aspect. The rich merchant, who was poor yesterday, and may become so again to-morrow, grasps without hesitation the hand of the common labourer or mechanic, whose suffrage decides, the same as his own, the greatest interests of the state, and which suffrage is not purchased by riches nor birth. In America, Democracy has changed the coffee-rooms of taverns into drawing-rooms, newspapers into exclusive or-

gans, and religious meetings into a means of recreation and *spectacle*. Every thing is inspired or modified by the pervading spirit of democracy.

In the United States public opinion is subjected to the influence of certain institutions, in order to re-act upon them in its turn. Seldom concentrated in original and studied compositions, it escapes in fugitive harangues, and echoes all impressions without aspiring to the honour of rectifying the false, and discriminating the just. Numbers overruling sense and understanding, intelligence never seeks to combat against a multitude; and thus America is the only country in the world where proselytism through the medium of public opinion is impossible.

That equality, which is not less established by the vicissitudes and chances of an adventurous life than by the laws, is expressed most intimately and completely by universal suffrage—the portion of the American constitution, which is at once the fundamental principle and the guarantee of its existence. And how shall we deny the dogma of numerical supremacy, such as we see applied each day and without danger to the people of the United States, to be that sovereignty which acknowledges no law save itself, which would rather do wrong than have its rights contested, and which is expressed in the axiom

that declares, "The people need not be right to legitimize their actions"—an axiom which exceeds all other repugnances, insults the ancient political creed of Europe, whose monarchies it would gladly overthrow, and at the same time—singular as may appear the coincidence—is so inoffensive in the United States, that it is not thought worth while to discuss its truth!

Arrived at this point, it is impossible not to be struck by the incompatibility existing between our ideas and those of the Americans. That doctrine, which teaches the necessity of the preponderance of numbers over the wisdom of a few—a doctrine, which makes all men equal, and on which reposes the fabric of all laws and customs in the United States—must naturally appear to the narrow-minded Englishmen every thing that is most averse to his ideas, comprehension, and belief. In France this is quite different. There is no country in the universe where the idea of truth and justice is more completely separated from that of numerical superiority and force: amidst their most ardent thirst for innovation and change, the French were more or less logical and rational. The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, represented by universal suffrage, is as repugnant to the mind of a Frenchman as a monarchical govern-

ment founded on the fabled divine right of kings.

In the continent of Europe—a continent peopled by reasoners and profound politicians, the theory of numerical supremacy will be long before it is firmly established. The doctrine of universal suffrage is not in general good odour with even men of very liberal opinions : and perhaps it were only sufficient to notice from what mouths the argument at present issues, to convince ourselves that centuries must elapse before such theories can be well received amongst us even as matters for calm and deliberate discussion.

But how has it happened that a doctrine, so flourishing and so prevalent in the United States, is merely looked upon as a baseless theory in its application to France—that France, whose sons are so prone to change, and where political vicissitude is of such frequent occurrence ? Revolutions cause the development and not the transformation of people, and every society is identified with itself. Particularly in a comparison between America and Europe do these truths appear the more glaring, and are substantiated by more irrefutable evidence. Let us retrospect, through the mirror of history, to the foundation of the United States.

In those stormy times, when religious discord

lacerated the bosom of the Old World, numberless individuals of upright character—according to the ideas of their contemporaries—and austere morals, traversed the ocean, to practice in a foreign and fruitful clime those virtues which their own countries could neither appreciate nor endure. To the sacred equality prevalent amongst those votaries of the reformation was immediately associated the “equality of the desert,” and the pioneer was formed from the puritan. The members of that little circle of society—the only one of the kind, perhaps, at that time existing in the world—asserted no superiority one over another: they all deemed themselves martyrs in a common cause, and were devoted to the same end. In leaving their ancient land—the territory of their forefathers—they forgot the distinctions they left behind them, and debarked on a shore where their wants, their necessities, and mutual interests consecrated the equality that prevailed amongst them. They were strangers to luxury; but they lived in comfort and tranquil ease. They all partook of a common banquet; and the trees of the forest succumbed to him whose able arm could best wield the axe and use the saw. All were land-holders to the extent of their physical means or capacities: and all were equal on account of

circumstances, and of that creed which raiseth the humble and abaseth the proud. Thus intellectual superiority was unknown amongst them, save in their rustic arguments or evening tales: the uniformity of that life, which alone consisted in daily labour and the exercise of religious duties, could not do otherwise than efface all reminiscences of former grade and distinction.

An imperious necessity moreover ordained that the colonies of New England should continually legislate for themselves. The tie, which connected them to their mother-country, did not dispense them from the obligation under which they laboured to adopt measures for their own defence, and to protect their incipient trade. Their education was partial and rude; and that, which was at first a condition created by necessity, soon became a combination of invincible habits. The community was originated on the shores of the Atlantic, was perpetuated in the same state of incessant activity and perfect harmony, and has increased beneath a propitious heaven like the tree in the Gospel. The manners of the primitive colonist have been stamped on their posterity; and that last-born people of civilization, into whose hands Providence consigned a hemisphere, appear to be the members of one vast family.

Such were the origin and foundation of the United States,—a singular and *unique* phenomenon in the midst of the numberless political communities of the world. The character of the American is that of a rigid and sincere Christian, an intrepid colonist, possessing manners neither agreeable nor social, but cold and saturnine, and endowed with a mind whose scope extends no farther than the figures and calculations which denote the magnitude of his gigantic speculations. The primitive states of the north gave life and existence, as it were, to the young republics of the west, to whose care is now entrusted a portion of that vast heritage which is the greatest that ever belonged to the human race; and the states of the south, where wealth, luxury, and toleration of slavery have become the elements of their rapid decay and approaching fall, are merely maintained in their present condition by the immense counterpoise afforded, in the very midst of the union, by the northern powers against the combined influence of those destructive causes.

That which has, therefore, founded American democracy, and which continues to preserve it against the opinions of the rest of the world, is the simplicity of manners which characterizes the peo-

ple, and the vastness of their territory, over which all can disperse themselves without prejudice to each other, like the sons of Adam after the creation. Take away from America that mighty western domain, where a new city springs up every year, and where new states are periodically formed; circumscribe the range of those tracts where populous towns extend their suburbs with facility in proportion as the inhabitants increase, and from that day forth the government of the United States—that is to say, the practical application of the sovereignty of the people—would become a disastrous impossibility.

Were the United States suddenly transferred to the very interior of Europe, the interest of the landholder and the wealthy merchant would speedily triumph over an universal equality now well preserved. If the American mechanic, when he had amassed a small sum in his workshop at New York or Philadelphia, had not in perspective the grant of a tract of land on the banks of the Ohio; if the cow-herd or the gardener did not anticipate eventually to become a farmer when his resources should permit him to purchase agricultural implements, &c., a revolution would speedily place America upon a level with the old monarchical governments

of Europe. Obligated to oppose increasing impediments to the elevation of a class whose existence would be subjected to all the viscissitudes that now menace it in Europe, democracy would essay at one and the same time armed and legal resistance; and that tendency is already, in the bosom of the United States, something more than a mere hypothesis. If the agricultural chiefs and owners of the soil became disaffected amongst themselves, they would soon pass those limits where the balance of interest, social and political, has even at different times caused the most despotic governments of Europe to stop; and arbitrary power—oligarchy—or tyranny would be the last and terrible scourge America would prepare for herself—a scourge beneath whose lash she can never submit; for the citizens of that free land could not yield up their rights on a sudden, as a man in a moment of despair surrenders his soul to Satan.

These observations have lately become so general, thanks to the admirable work of M. de Tocqueville, that it is only after considerable reluctance we have ventured to re-produce them here. Simple as those observations are, do we not nevertheless feel that they create doubts of a grave and serious nature relative to the future fate of democracy—

that sovereignty of the people which is daily represented to us as infallible? Are we advancing towards a social organization, founded, not upon the admissibility, but upon the admission of all to an equal share of property? Do we incline to that American *régime*, of which universal suffrage is the basis?

The idea of a monarchical government appears to have been always the most prevalent one in Europe; and although the law of primogenitureship be abolished in France, still is society divided into classes, despite of that article of the Charta of 1830, which distinctly says, "*Tout le monde est égal auprès du roi.*" In countries, where science and the arts are as much cultivated as commercial enterprises, a certain aristocracy of the soul and of the feelings must indubitably prevail. So long as the majority of human beings shall be obliged to rise with the sun and moisten the soil with the sweat of the brow, all intelligences—all understandings cannot become equalized; and hence is the idea of the sovereignty of the people merely chimerical when applied to European countries.

The opinion, which concludes that democracy in every sense of the word must be shortly introduced into France, appears to us—if we may so far

venture to explain the ideas of our transmarine allies—to depend merely upon an incorrect analogy. Because the *bourgeoisie* of France, being superior in numerical proportion, has supplanted the aristocracy, it must not be inferred that that same class will pursue its advantage, and overturn every thing appertaining to a monarchical government. At the same time that the aristocracy was overthrown, the monarchy might have been consigned to the same fate; but the *bourgeoisie* had abolished the evil it complained of, and was satisfied. The French Revolution has caused important changes, but has not destroyed the basis of society: the triumph of democracy on the European continent would involve that basis in irretrievable ruin.

If around the French frontiers were spread vast tracts of uninhabited lands, it would then be easy to understand how the mass of territorial property might increase, and the numbers of land-holders be extended. But having at least one-sixth of its territory engaged as fallow-land without the possibility of establishing new colonies in herself, France can only augment the riches of its land-holders, till it shall have securely and permanently established its African possessions, by perfecting the science of agriculture, without extending their numbers. If

public works of utility, to the adoption of which popular opinion is gradually urging the government, if new methods of cultivating the soil, and if more rapid means of communication, can increase the value of land, the land-holders and farmers will become richer; but the territory will not be increased in sub-divisions.

Half a century has not elapsed since the greatest event, that ever occurred in the annals of the vicissitudes of nations, completely changed the political and social aspect of France. When the first French Revolution broke out, there was an immense number of estates in the hands of the two privileged orders, such as lands parcelled out by adjudication, redeemed by mort-main, or disengaged from feudal tenure, which had been acquired at an exceedingly low rate by the stewards who had superintended their cultivation, or by the farmers who had rented them, and which seemed destined, by the inscrutable decrees of Providence, to become, for the benefit of the middling classes, a species of dotation inherent to that political power to which it was speedily associated. That vast revolution in freehold possessions—or rather that important increase of the numbers of land-holders—was, without doubt, the original cause of all the important

changes and instances of popular ebullition which subsequently occurred. It enabled the *bourgeoisie* to maintain its eminence, in 1815, against the reaction in favour of aristocracy that threatened France, and in 1830, against the attempted innovations of the democrats and the machinations of the republicans. So long as no analogous revolution shall take place, and so long as the majority of the *bourgeoisie* shall rank amongst the number of land-holders, democracy can never attain any sure footing in France; and that organization, whose combinations consist of wealth and talent, will continue unshaken. France ought to be sufficiently confident of her own intrinsic powers, never again to dread one of those popular eruptions that shake the country to the very deepest abyss. As for any future commotion for the purpose of regulating the rights and privileges of the people as land-holders, it appears to us that, with regard to territorial possessions, the French have arrived at the *summum* of equitable division. The father cannot now alienate his real property from one or more of his sons to benefit the eldest: an equal portion must descend to each. The monopoly of vast estates in one man's hands is now impossible to be obtained in France; and the admirable articles of the civil code

strike, as it were with a battering-ram, against the mighty walls and turreted parapets of the *chateau* of the old *régime*.

At the same time, while the provisions of that new code aim a deadly blow at the very root of the possibility of vast accumulation, a simultaneous and parallel effect is produced on the small possessions of the poor. The needy farmer, beginning the world on a few acres of land, finds it impossible to support the necessary expenditure for a first outlay, and is therefore obliged to dispose of his little capital in such a manner that it may produce him a more lucrative and certain interest: hence the sub-division of territory decreases, and the middling classes, or *bourgeoisie*, retain their possessions in their own hands, and thus acquire an immense increase of influence and wealth. Hence are the importance and power of the *bourgeoisie* sustained by a law that strikes at once against the fortunes of the rich aristocrat and the pittance of the needy farmer. These distributions, and these arrangements are so little known to the English in general, that we have thought it worth while to enter somewhat elaborately upon the subject. National prejudices have ever blinded the eyes of the sons of Albion against the excellence of foreign institutions: but the more

extensively international relations are established between the two countries, the greater will be the benefit accruing to both.

Amongst the lower classes, whose incompetence to become extensive land-holders we have already shown, the little produce of their manual labour, small personal property, or trading stock can never compete with the fortunes acquired by the *bourgeoisie*. That counterpoise need not be dreaded nor anticipated. Their hopes can never be so sanguine as to lead them to imagine that the profits on the productions of their industry will create for them that importance which is enjoyed by the class immediately above them. No one hopes more than ourselves to witness the day when the lot of the mechanic, the artizan, and the labourer, by whom the most disastrous reverses of fortune are often experienced, shall be ameliorated by the progressive intellectual resources and civilized notions of mankind. At the same time, what theory can possibly be adduced, by the practice of which we may hope to benefit those suffering millions? To us, narrow-minded perhaps as we are, and dull of comprehension, no reasonable proposition occurs to us in the present position of affairs, because we have not a valley of Mississippi, nor lands of Ohio, whither

we may despatch the surplus of an overgrown population. These remarks apply not only to England, but to France, and to every other nation, save one,* in Europe: for so long as the inhabitants of a country shall be confined within the narrow limits of their own territory, beyond which boundaries the claims of other states prevent an emigration, the amount of the wages of labourers must be commensurate with the wants of the nation and the capabilities of so circumscribed a tract to satisfy those exigencies. The *bourgeoisie* possesses a two-fold source of influence in the Bank and in their intellectual resources; and no one will deny that these are the two essential principles of power and independence.

So important is a mature consideration of the subject under notice, and so persevering should we be in our investigation of all matters calculated to interest the two worlds, that we must not forget to allude to the severe checks daily experienced by those financial systems, which principally aim at conducting mankind to better destinies, through the *medium* of increasing their wealth, and which chiefly belong to a new people whose institutions

* Russia.

are founded on democracy and universal equality. In the United States all popular antipathies are renewed and concreted in a financial warfare. The veteran soldier, whom democracy placed at the head of the legislative government, consecrated the eight years during which his vicarious mission lasted, to undermine that institution to which his country was partly indebted for its fabulous prosperity, and which alone afforded the Americans the necessary resources for carrying on their gigantic enterprises. The people applauded that political warfare with extraordinary transport; for they saw that the rude hand of Jackson had seized the very throat of their most dangerous enemy, and that a National Bank was the germ of an eventually powerful *bourgeoisie*, which would seek to extend itself, and would in the course of years acquire a dangerous influence and aristocratic power by reason of increasing wealth, and an union of intelligences. The people instinctively anticipated these results, and wisely applauded that which was done to protect their future liberties. Democracy trembles in America before the middling classes, as the *bourgeoisie* of France is the source of constant alarm to the aristocracy of Europe.

Most remarkable have been the political changes

that have taken place during the present century, whether they be denominated Revolution in France, Reform in England, Royal Statute in Spain, or Commercial Progress in Germany. The system of maintaining peace in Europe since the year 1830, is, for a well-constituted *bourgeoisie*, at once the guarantee of its puissance and the consecration of its destinies. As yet, however, it is in France alone that the *bourgeoisie* possesses a certain power in that plenitude and security which enable an admirably-established principle to develop its results to the satisfaction of those who investigate its merits. It is, therefore, in France that the *bourgeoisie* should be dissected and considered as if we were treading on classic ground; for it is only in France that we can, at one single glance, embrace and comprehend the instincts and the tendencies of the middle classes.

The present position of political affairs in France would almost lead us to imagine that the power of the *bourgeoisie* is too extensively acknowledged, and the necessity of its sway too generally understood, for it to dread opposition or attack. Having been long occupied in contesting and combatting to acquire or preserve its rights, the *bourgeoisie*, having gained its various objects, has only now to render itself worthy of filling that place and exercising those

privileges which are no longer questioned. On one side lie the ruins of the party it has supplanted; and on the other springs up a faction which was only dangerous so long as it remained unmasked—a military and warlike school which dared proclaim itself American—a multitude of soldiers and proconsuls—a host that preferred spreading ruin and devastation over the world rather than organising systems of political liberty! The *bourgeoisie*, then, now enacts in the persons of its members, the principal characters on the political theatre of France, in the same manner as the democracy of America occupies the public stage of the United States. In proportion as it becomes more manifest that France has escaped from the dominion of the military and the republican parties, and that it repulses those systems and schemes of agitation which so strangely interrupted the silence of despotism, do the study and consideration of that class to which Providence has entrusted the destinies of the political world, become duties too incumbent to be neglected. That subject—instead of prompting the lucubrations of silly females—ought to originate the publication of bulky volumes: in the meantime let us devote a few brief reflections to the important study we so seriously recommend.

What are the political sentiments of the *bourgeoisie* of France? and in what constitutional form do they endeavour to frame themselves?

Those politicians who have studied the principles of government in that society where the parade of antiquity is still preserved, or in that sphere where the aristocracy of England is almost worshipped and adored,—for whom the dignity of ceremonious forms and the infallibility of a noble ancestry are the essential conditions of power and supremacy,—such reasoners will find it difficult to comprehend the line of argument adopted by an egotistical *bourgeoisie* in the management of its public affairs. That *bourgeoisie* is alone interested in the transactions of the present day: the future and the past occupy but a small portion of its thoughts; it neither wishes to descend with a glorious name to posterity, nor to render itself worthy of a magnificent ancestry; and, in another point of view, it remains perfectly inaccessible to that democratic tide of passions which neither resist the allurements of victory nor the seductiveness of a particular idea.

Casimir Perier, that Richelieu of the middle classes, who repressed the republican ardour of his countrymen and pacified the angry feelings of Europe, traced the *programma* of the political *bour-*

geoisie when he uttered those solemn and never-to-be-forgotten words—"THE BLOOD OF HER CHILDREN BELONGS ONLY UNTO FRANCE,"—words that must be remembered so long as the French shall remain a nation, and that must ever elicit applause, even though they be invoked to palliate a fault!

The political system adopted by the *bourgeoisie*—although it may be safely called the system of to-day only—without fixity, and without the capacity of glancing far into futurity, is understood and may be appreciated when we recollect that each member of that now supreme class is anxious to legislate for his own individual and private felicity, and that the affections are at present concentrated in the domestic circle. What French monarch could henceforth be so rash as to claim from the *bourgeoisie* that servile devotion which a military aristocracy was wont to tender as meet recompence for the advantages it derived from the lustre of the crown? or what politician would expect to remark in the public transactions of a class of citizens those inflexible and skilful political traditions which were the very force and spirit of the patricians of the old *régime*? At the same time let not our readers fall into an error, and infer from these observations those consequences that may not appear to accord with opinions pre-

viously advanced, and to which the progressive occurrence of events makes us cling more and more. We do not for a moment imagine that the French *bourgeoisie* is so firmly established that it has nothing to dread from opponent parties: alas! the great inadvertency of supreme power, and into which the middle class probably declines, is the singularly idiosyncratic idea that it is inaccessible to the whispers of sordid interest and deaf to the allurements of dishonest partiality. In order that the *bourgeoisie* shall be enabled to fix its dominion on a solid basis, and completely enter into those pacific paths which are the natural conditions of its permanency and aggrandizement, the position of its government ought to be well fixed in the face of Europe, and the name of France be pronounced with respect from St. Petersburg to London. It is impossible to found material peace in the very midst of a moral war. Most necessary, therefore, does it appear, if it be only for the purpose of insuring a prosperous and calm future, for the *bourgeoisie* to supply the place of those sympathies which are at present refused her, by combinations as prudent as they are energetic and firm: at all events, if she value her own prosperity, France must not feel herself isolated, nor suffer her immense activity to

remain without aliment, else would she tear her own entrails. The permanent colonization of Africa and the protection of Spain ought to be the two measures to which she should direct her attention, not only as springing from the capacities and wishes of the *bourgeoisie*, but with regard to her situation in the eyes of Europe.

For the future, the French will experience the happiness of that situation, when, emerging from an uncertain and dubious condition of politics, they shall exist only for themselves without reference to the predicament of their neighbours. Already is the train of new ideas in vigorous progress in the various states of Europe, and the French may speedily felicitate themselves on the efficacy of example instead of the more arbitrary and less certain method of enforcing principles by violence and arms.

To aggrandize the pomp and ornament the ceremonies of a few ridiculous triumphs, the Romans subdued the world. To lay the permanent foundation of her maritime superiority, England connected the hideous misery of Ireland with her own magnificence and grandeur. In France, the conquests of the republic became the heritage of a soldier, who carried his devastating arms from

Lisbon to Moscow; and the discord only ceased on the hillocks of Montmartre. Attila effectually crushed the glory and splendour of the Romans—the aristocratic boast of Engiand is falling into disrepute—and the treaty of 1815 was the consequence of the warfare persisted in by the French. If the citizen-government now existing in France equal not the dynasties of former times, it must be remembered that the *bourgeoisie* rules rather by the dictates of common sense than the ardent ebullitions of talent and poetic eloquence, and that hence its sway must effectually guarantee its integrity and its incapability of violating any one single fundamental principle of human civilization.

If ever the unity of Europe were to appear possible, it must be during that epoch when, national prejudices gradually yielding to the impulse of new ideas and new interests, the manners and habits of Europeans shall be subjected to the influence of those principles which at present form the basis of the *bourgeoisie* in France. The Press and Bank, those mighty engines which administer food to intelligence, and wealth to ambition, will speedily establish in every European nation so rapid a circulation of ideas and of

capital, that the political results themselves will have escaped all fore-sight, and the wisdom of all prophecy. The entire community, which, on account of a variety of rights, is, to the democrat as well as to the patrician, one living and sacred unity, will, in the eyes of the government, be held but as a vast conglomeration of interest. The land itself will gradually lose that patriarchal aspect it has so long worn, and will become a simple instrument of production—a moveable possession, as it were, capable of being constantly transferred from one master to another.

The revolutions and changes to which modern habits and manners are gradually being submitted, are not fully understood nor generally noticed; nor is it the experience of a few years that can instruct us in the *minutiae* of so vast a study. But observation and comparison may teach us much. The possession of property alone will not long suffice to give the Frenchman a certain rank and position in his own country: he will be shortly obliged, not only on account of the scantiness of the territory with an increasing population, but also in accordance with the exigence of another system of habits and manners, to join to his situation as a land-holder, some liberal profession, or

combine the possession of an estate with the active exercises of industry. Few generations will have passed away before the *amateur* land-holder will become the useful farmer, receiving from agricultural pursuits not only his amusement and his pleasure, but also his learned theories and his laborious practice, his daily toils and his uncertain changes. The French cannot long maintain that which we in England denominate and distinguish by the names of *landed-property* and *moneyed-property*. Within the last twenty years, all great possessors of forest-land in France have erected forges and similar useful establishments on their estates; and it may be fairly presumed that the distillation of sugar from beet-root will cement a necessary and close alliance between the manufacturing and agricultural classes.

The ambitious desires or the real wants of individuals are too rapidly increasing in France to allow her sons to remain in lazy obscurity in some sequestered town or on a small patrimonial estate, without some stimulus to induce them to extend their fortunes, even at the risk of compromising their domestic felicity. And, now that the influence of Parisian manners and customs, in a time of peace, penetrates even to the insignificant hamlet on the

extreme verge of the kingdom, dreams of ambition and glory will be originated in every mind, and thought will associate, in the breasts of even the most humble, ideas of pleasure with others of intelligence and taste. An increase of intercourse between one town and another will consummate that revolution in manners which has already operated on the laws and government of the French—a revolution strangely compounded of good and evil, and full of contradictions, like every other revolution in human systems, where all is finite and all imperfect—a providential work whose progress shall not be impeded by the machinations nor the designs of ill-judging critics and commentators.

The fruits of vast conquests in Europe were accompanied by an idea that political power and importance were chiefly constituted by extensive possession of territory. The French revolution has originated a sentiment not less remarkable—viz. the rights of intellect, and the influence of wisdom. On this basis is at present erected the citizen-government of the French—fixed as to principles, but changeable as to persons—and built upon a foundation which the efforts of democracy cannot easily destroy. The institutions of that government are suitable to the genius and intelligences of the

middle classes—uniformity of manners create uniformity of administration—and the union of a multiplicity of interests is the best guarantee for the duration of a government which protects them, and the most reasonable defence, as well as the most legitimate argument, that can be opposed to the numerous attempts or to the specious sophistry of democratic innovators.

It is not here intended to establish, in an absolute manner, that the principle of centralization is the essence of the government of the *bourgeoisie*. Every people in the world may maintain the supremacy of its own habits, manners, and understanding; at the same time, it would be difficult for an impartial observer not to recognise something materially centralizing in the principles of the Reform Bill in England—in the great federal faction, which in reality was an incipient *bourgeoisie*, formed exactly one century too prematurely, in America—or in the political systems of the Low-Countries, that land of old franchises and local liberties. There, as in France, may be seen the *juste-milieu* party warring against liberalism in questions of principles, combatting against the aristocracy in matters of interior organization, and occupying itself in the attempt to possess attributes which it never before enjoyed,

or which at different times may have escaped its grasp.

If a certain political idea have gradually expanded over France in a short time, and emanated from roots profoundly planted, to an extent calculated to astonish the superficial reasoner, the secret impulse must be looked for in the administrative division of territory and the constitution of the year.VIII., which formed such important epochs in the history of an extraordinary revolution. To say to a great people—"Henceforth you will cease to hear those familiar nominal distinctions which hitherto have invariably met your ears: those provinces, whose traditions and legendary lore you are accustomed to love, and those local glories of which you have been wont to be proud—all are about to vanish—all disappear—all be consigned to oblivion in one day: your history will be torn and scattered to the winds—and not one page shall be left;—and instead of those glorious reminiscences, you shall have eighty-six departments, described and marked at hazard, according to the course of a river or obscure stream, or to the distribution of circumstances and chance;"—to hold such language to a great, a proud, and a powerful people, may appear strange; but that those tones of authority were obeyed without resistance,

must seem far more singular still! The future, however, consecrated the attempt; and the constituent assembly gave new life and youth to France in casting her, disencumbered and divested of her past fourteen centuries of despotic grandeur, into an æra then so sombre and gloomy—an æra of doubt and dread—but an æra that has produced such extraordinary results!

The English reasoner, who reflects on the nature of passing events in the quiet seclusion of his study, cannot, however, be otherwise than astonished, when he recollects that during a period of nine years, no very serious and really dangerous attack has been made against the principles of the administrative institutions of France. The democratic school has invariably, since the revolution of 1830, maintained itself in a sphere of general and not individual politics, and has chiefly occupied its mind with diplomatic questions which involve the existence of peace or war, and which prove that it still retains a morbid inclination towards a state of hostility in preference to a condition of peace. If the future destinies of France were consigned to the management of the democratic class—if, in fine, the system of self-government were to be firmly established in that country, the first symptom of so

great a movement would be the destruction of every existing political principle or institution which might appear to be in the slightest degree at variance with the true sentiments and opinions of democracy.

But the *bourgeoisie* of France is too prudent to be attacked unawares, too powerful to be overcome by the partisans of other factions, and too suspicious and jealous to be blind to the machinations of its enemies. Its principles are, moreover, so just, so moderate, and so reasonable, that new converts daily flock to its standard. The monarchy is, nevertheless, a source of alarm and dread to the *bourgeoisie*. Royalty may ally itself with the ruins of the past, before those still existing remnants of arbitrary grandeur and power shall have totally disappeared; and from day to day may the *bourgeoise* accuse it of creating a political influence independent of the interests by which it exists. At the same time, the force of those interests, if properly weighed, properly understood, and properly relied on, will demonstrate its own power, maintain order and domestic tranquillity, and, so soon as those interests themselves shall have triumphed over the perils that threaten them without, or the designs that menace them within,

establish the maxim on a firm and irrefragable basis—"The King reigns, but does not govern"—a maxim that will become, for the *bourgeoisie*, the scale and measure of its constitutional privileges, as the words which declare that "The blood of her children belongs only unto France," are the dogma of its international rights.

Such is the long train of reasoning and of sentiments awakened by an attentive perusal of the two best works that have yet appeared upon America. Till Messieurs de Tocqueville and Chevalier published their illuminating volumes, we were labouring under the disagreeable necessity of forming our opinions concerning the Americans from a few trashy perpetrations, penned in a malignant and disgraceful spirit, by individuals whose circumscribed range of intellect, narrow views, and prejudiced minds "saw through a glass darkly." The works under notice are of a superior order of merit—their style is temperate—and though their aims be different, there still reigns throughout the two a reciprocity of idea, which, as we before observed, would almost induce us to conclude that one was intended as a species of sequel to the other. The English have a strange fashion of concocting books. A few months' residence in the metropolis of a great

nation, or a rapid journey through the country itself, is calculated to afford sufficient instruction, initiation, and *data* for the fabrication of a history, social, moral, and political. Hence may we account for the production of those abortions in which we look in vain for the faithful description, intimate acquaintance with the subject, and profound detail which so especially mark the works of de Tocqueville and Chevalier.

CHAPTER VI.

DE JOUFFROY.

IT is a well-known fact, that many authors are able writers of short tales, without being competent to undertake the more elaborate task of producing a two or three-volumed novel. Merimée is afraid of a long book ; every line he writes is in itself a tale, and with his style no imagination would be fertile enough to extend one plot through several volumes. Conceive *Mateo Falcone* spun out into a thousand octavo pages, and the original plan amplified by a hundred other incidents necessary to extend the tale : would not the whole have been spoilt ? Writers of fiction, in reference to the mechanical art of mere book-making, may be divided

into two classes, viz. those who can extend the plot of their tale through several volumes, and those who confine it in the shortest possible space. Paul de Kock, for instance, writes but indifferent short tales, and Merimée cannot succeed in an attempt to compose that which we call a novel. *Une Maîtresse dans l'Andalousie*, which is a tale by Paul de Kock in the *Cent-et-une Nouvelles* (a collection of short pieces published by Ladvocat), scarcely seems to have emanated from the same pen as the *Barbier de Paris* or *Sœur Anne*.

The French are particularly fond of collections of tales; and many publishers have found a series of short effusions by the most popular authors to be a most lucrative method of literary speculation. *Le Livre des Cent-et-un*, *Le Livre des Conteurs*, *Le Dodecaton*, *Les Cent-et-une Nouvelles des Cent-et-un*, &c. &c., have been the most successful of these miscellaneous works, the principal contributors to which are Jouffroy, Karr, Barginet, Jacob, Langlé, De Balzac, Dumas, Paul de Kock, Merimée, Georges Sand, Casimir Delavigne, Charles Nodier, Soulié, Schœlcher, Block, Ancelot, Janin, de Saintine, Victor Hugo, Michel Raymond, the Count de Peyronnet, Merville, Chasles, Reybaud, Felix Pyat, Madame Tastu, Chalas, Eugene Sue, &c.

The *talent* of an author is more perceptible in a long work—whereas a short tale is the better adapted for the exemplification of *genius*. The lengthy novel allows full scope for the exercise of that mannerism and exuberance of style which frequently weary and embarrass the reader: the short tale is the concentrated essence which the able chemist leaves to please with the pungent nature of its undiluted perfumes, instead of diluting it with less odorous admixtures in order to increase its quantity. The novelist has to study the mysterious art of book-making, and is the friend of the publisher: the tale-writer places his little episode in the most attractive form, and in the smallest possible quantity of words before our eyes, and is the friend of the public. The mere necessity of writing a book in chapters, entails upon the novelist the thralldom of those shackles from which the tale-writer is exempt. Like Fielding in “Joseph Andrews,” the former is not unfrequently obliged to wind up a certain compartment or division of his book with a fine discourse or a long tirade upon something which neither regards the thread of his narrative, nor interests the reader, in order to fill the space allotted to each chapter!

There is an essential difference, not only in the

style, but also in the character of the novelist and the tale writer. If the works of the former be more tedious to the reader, they are nevertheless more likely to become standard volumes in the library—they may serve as books of reference—their philosophy raises them to an eminence far above the mere tale purposely written to afford a moment's amusement ; for all French novels are more or less metaphysical, or else *romans des mœurs*—an observation which cannot apply to the *petit conte*. With but few exceptions, it may be said of the novelist and the tale-writer that the one is occasionally inconsistent,—the other natural to the very life; the one is intoxicated with a great celebrity,—the other peruses his praises in the public prints with calmness ; the one effects to be more deeply read than he really is,—the other unwittingly suffers the knowledge he possesses to blaze forth at intervals; the one is an egotist,—the other is void of all pride; the one frequently confounds in the same individual dishonourable conduct and lofty feelings together,—the other perspicuously draws a strict line of demarcation, and never depicts his characters at variance with the attributes he first bestowed upon them; the one trusts much to a great popularity,—the other writes as if he were a timid author whose

name is as yet unknown; the one is full of pretension,—the other unassuming and retiring; in fine, the one is the novelist, whose name stands alone upon the title-page of a book which is indebted for its success to the magic of a single pen, and who imagines that he can attempt any thing, —and the other is the tale-writer whose name is lost amongst a galaxy of others equally bright, who shares with a host of contemporaries the praises bestowed upon the volumes in which his effusions appear, and who essays not to emerge beyond the limits which a thorough consciousness of his own abilities has traced for his guidance.

The imagination and the genius of a writer have the same chance of relatively manifesting themselves in a long novel or a short tale, as those of the poet in the lengthy epic or the song of a dozen couplets. The poet is now in every country the most needy of authors, because his verses are the least saleable; and thus is his genius, of all writers, the last to be duly appreciated. We know, by instinct, as well as by the dictates of reason, that the time of epic poems has flown. The epic was the model of old poetry, in the infancy of learning, when the laws of criticism scarcely existed —when there was confusion between truth and

fable, between imagination and fact—and when the bard was the chronicler of his country. Then, those nations, which, in order to increase in power and to flourish, required the aid of great men and of heroes, naturally attached themselves, their interests, and their gratitude to the individuals who emancipated them from bondage, or who effected aught towards their progressive civilization. Thus they consecrated the memories of their great men in their writings;—those writings became popular songs—the songs gradually swelled into poems—and then the epic was only used for deeds of heroism. But now the unvarnished narratives of great men are chiefly confined to history. It is in history that we must seek for a correct detail of their actions. The never-failing succession of events introduces such constant novelties to the public eye, the drama of history calls so many characters upon the stage of life, and the critic exercises his functions over all with so much sagacity, that the illusions of imagination are speedily destroyed, and there only remains to great men the shadow of their might or of their genius; for poetry envelops their deeds in metaphorical and mysterious guise no longer. Poetry therefore becomes sacred by its truth, as it was once so by its

fable: it is religious from the operation of reason, and popular on account of its philosophy. Observing these transformations in the school of poetry, and desirous of writing in that language which is so eloquent that it gives sound and energy to the ideas, and oscillates in the memory of the reader longer than the vulgar style, poets are now obliged to reflect upon those subjects which are most suited to the period, the tastes of this age, and the probable ideas of the next, so as to be enabled to wander in their song from place to place at will, to indulge in descriptions of the marvellous or the true, to circumscribe their ideas to a little scope, or to allow them a vast range at pleasure. These subjects present themselves voluntarily—and all are concentrated and resumed in one, the grandest and most comprehensive of all—the destiny of man,—those phases which the human mind must wander through to gain its ends by the paths of the Almighty.

But let us return to our tale-writers, from whom a casual observation on the present destinies of poets induced us to wander into a digression which we hope the reader will pardon. We endeavoured to show that French tale-writers are a different class of individuals from the novelists, and that when some

of the latter have contributed short pieces to miscellaneous collections, they have generally failed in creating that powerful interest which either they themselves can awaken in their long works, or which the practised composers of short tales know so well how to produce and sustain. At the head of modern French tale-writers is M. de Jouffroy, an author and a statesman. His style is simple and unaffected—he studiously avoids all fatiguing digression and useless description—he seems to have but one aim, and that is to please. It may be said, after a perusal of the tale which we intend to introduce as a specimen of the style of M. de Jouffroy as well as a sample of the generality of fugitive pieces to be found in French miscellaneous works,—it may be said that its author has powers of writing a good historical novel. We however think differently; and we repeat that the imagination, which can produce a grand effusion in a small scope, would frequently be at fault were its powers exercised on works of a more elaborate nature. There are a conciseness and a laconism about the style of De Jouffroy and his brother tale-writers, which we may look in vain for amongst the novels of the great authors. In fact, a tale, for a collection, is told as a man would recount it orally to his audience;

whereas the long novel is only fit to be narrated, like the histories of Scheherezade, in short chapters, night after night. The latter is however admirable to *read*; and it is in the perusal that it manifests its superiority over the former. Let us however proceed to lay our proposed specimen, which is extracted from the *Cent-et-une Nouvelles*, before our readers.

THE CASTLE OF LUEG.

I.

One evening, in the middle of winter, the Emperor Maximilian was seated at table, surrounded by the principal nobles of his court. The hour was already late, and numerous libations had heated and fertilized the imaginations of the guests. They had drunk in their turns to the health of the most celebrated beauties of the day; and the intervals between their toasts were filled up with the histories of their amours, each one of which elicited fresh peals of mirth from the lips of all present. Even the Empress herself had not been spared, to such an extent did the generous juice of Hungary's choicest grapes encourage the audacity of the guests, and the tolerance of the chief of the banquet. Negligently

reclining in his arm chair of exquisite workmanship, the monarch suffered one of his hands to play with the auburn locks of a young page who was standing near him ; and with a smile he listened to the history of the beautiful Baroness of Ebersdorf who had been surprised by the sudden return of her husband, and had so far retained her presence of mind as to urge her lover to envelope himself in a suit of ancient armour which was stationed upon a pedestal in the hall. Every one was anxiously awaiting the *denouement* of this singular and perilous adventure, when a terrible noise at the door of the apartment interrupted the narrative. The two men at arms who guarded the entrance, were suddenly thrust aside by a vigorous arm, and a Knight of tall stature, with a cloak made of a bear's-skin hanging over his iron-clad shoulders, advanced boldly towards the Emperor.

"Who is this insolent wight?" cried the monarch in an angry tone of voice: "and how dares he present himself before us in this fashion? Knows he not who we are?"

"I know," answered the stranger, abruptly, "that you are the Emperor, and that is the reason wherefore I fearlessly seek your presence now. It is my duty (and I never shrink from the performance

of it) to obey your orders as the supreme chief of the empire, and to serve you in your wars ; and your duty, in return, is to render me justice when I require it. Could I therefore have chosen a more opportune moment than that when no serious occupation engages your attention, and when you are passing your time in drinking and diverting yourself."

Maximilian cast angry looks upon his guests around and exclaimed, " Can no one inform me who is this strange visitor that comes upon us as if he had fallen from the clouds, and who addresses us with as much audacity, God forgive me ! as an Elector of the Holy Empire ?"

An old warrior, who in spite of the frequent libations in which he had indulged, still preserved a portion of his *sang-froid*, answered his Majesty as follows :—" Sire, even though the vesture of this Knight did not declare his style and name at once, his demeanour and his language, which are somewhat analogous with his garb, would enable you to recognise him. He is the noble Hermann of Lueg, surnamed the Bear of the Carniole."

" Ah ! is it so ?" cried the Emperor. " The Bear has left his native wilds, doubtless attracted by the odour of our kitchens. Sir Knight of Lueg,

your castle is far distant from Vienna: what urgent motive could have induced you to undertake this journey? Is it hunger, or cold?—or have the banditti assaulted and captured your castle, and have you come to implore the succour of a dozen of my followers to recover the mansion of your forefathers?"

"In my castle," answered Hermann, angrily, "we experience neither cold nor hunger. Did it please your Majesty to honour it with a visit, I would undertake to regale you and all your suite in the richest manner, and to supply you with green vegetables and delicious fruits, in this season, when, as I perceive, your own table is covered only with dried figs and grapes. As to the idea that banditti could attack my castle, so far from coming to solicit your Majesty's aid in such a moment, I should not be afraid to defend it against your Majesty's self, did it suit your phantasy to besiege it with a mighty army."

An universal and prolonged shout of laughter succeeded this declaration of the Knight; and the Emperor, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, was compelled to join in the general hilarity. Hermann darted savage glances upon the whole assembly; and when he gazed at the Emperor, it was but too evi-

dent that respect alone compelled him to restrain his wrath. At length Maximilian perceived that the dignity of his rank suffered by this scene, and he adopted a more eligible measure to ascertain the object of the Knight's visit.

"Great and mighty Knight of Lueg," said the monarch, "who possess such vast riches and a castle so well defended,—what can you have to demand of our feeble means?"

"I have said it,—justice!" replied Hermann; "justice against one of your followers, who has grievously injured me."

The Emperor's brow contracted.

"Always *Justice*," he muttered to himself: "every one has that word upon his lips! It would almost seem, that when once seated upon the throne of the Cæsars, a monarch has nothing else to do than listen to complaints and pronounce sentences. Hermann, could you not, as many others have done, avenge your own wrongs? and does it appear to you that you have chosen the most favourable and convenient hour to exercise the sagacity of our judgment?"

"The quality of the offender," answered Hermann, seriously, "did not permit me to take the law in my own hands, before I had recourse to your Majesty's

justice. As for the time and place, they both seem to be favourable, since your Majesty can hear all parties, my adversary being now present!"

"Here!" exclaimed the monarch: "you say that your enemy is here! Who is he?"

"Behold him!" cried Hermann, pointing to the nobleman who was nearest to the monarch at the banqueting table: "I demand justice against the Grand Marshal, the Count de Papenheim."

"Papenheim, do you hear?" demanded the Emperor. "Look at this Knight! What relations exist between you and the Bear of the Carniole?"

The Grand Marshal, according to custom, was the least sober of the whole company; and he was now in that soddened state, between slumber and wakefulness, when speaking—hearing—thinking—and talking are almost a fatiguing task. But at the voice of his master, he raised his eyes, glanced towards Hermann, and observed with a hiccup, "I know not this man—I never saw him. I have no dispute with him!"

"More than you think, my lord of Papenheim!" ejaculated Hermann. "Perhaps you do not know *me*; but haply you recollect the young damsel whom you seduced from her monastery at Inspruck, and

whom you abandoned at Salzburg, when you had gratified your impure desires?"

"A young girl debauched! Is it so, Papenheim?" demanded the Emperor of his favourite. "You are absolutely incorrigible!"

"At Salzburg," murmured the Grand Marshal: "Oh—yes—Ida, a beautiful girl—I remember well."

"That Ida," cried Hermann in a terrible voice, "that Ida, whom a fatal beauty has precipitated into the abyss which you opened at her feet,—this Ida is my daughter—my own blood—my child—the last scion of the house of Lueg!"

At these words a low murmur ran through the hall, and gaiety and mirth immediately disappeared!

"Lord of Lueg," said the Emperor, in a kind tone of voice, "the accusation which you bring against the Count de Papenheim is of a serious nature: the honour of the vassals of the Holy Empire is entrusted to me, and I shall fulfil my duty as its defender. This affair shall be carefully looked into; but at the present moment you perceive that your adversary is in no fit condition to reply to me. To-morrow we will take measures to bring matters to a friendly issue."

"And how can your Majesty suppose that such an affair can terminate in reconciliation?" demanded Hermann.

"By proportioning the reparation to the extent of the outrage," answered the Emperor.

"One mode of reparation is alone possible," replied the Knight of the Carniole; "and, painful though it be for me to receive as my son-in-law an individual so debased by dissipation as the one I now see, still must honour triumph over every other consideration. Your Majesty has learnt from that wine-stained mouth the avowal of the crime and the proof of the injury. No farther investigation is necessary; and your Majesty will now order Papenheim to espouse my daughter, whom he has dishonoured and seduced!"

A moment of silence succeeded this speech. The Grand Marshal looked first at the Emperor, then at the Knight, and appeared to have understood the nature of the latter's demand, for he exclaimed with a loud laugh, "I marry Ida! ah! ha!"

The Emperor darted a severe look at the Grand Marshal, and seemed for a moment embarrassed: but speedily assuming that air of dignity which he knew so well how to put on, he turned towards the Knight, and addressed him as follows:—

“Lord of Lueg, even were it now demonstrated to our sovereign justice that your complaint is entirely well founded—that the Grand Marshal has been guilty of grievous wrongs on his part—and that your daughter is the victim of rape or seduction, I could not force him to contract the union which you desire, because he is married already!”

At these words the Knight's countenance fell, and he gnashed his teeth fearfully together. A species of convulsion agitated his whole frame, and the bear's-skin which he wore, rose round his neck, so that he seemed but little different from the redoubtable animal the spoils of which he had converted into a garment. A species of moaning escaped his breast; and nearly every one present was affected. Even the ebriety of Papenheim disappeared at the ferocious aspect of his accuser. He raised himself on his chair, and returned the indignant glances of his enemy; while, at a sign from the Emperor, the two guards stepped forward and placed themselves close by the Bear of the Carniole, who, almost suffocated with rage, at length gave vent to his wrath in the following words:—

“Married, wretch! And my poor Ida is lost—irretrievably lost! No justice—no reparation can now be effectually sought at the hands of the

Emperor! But blood—vengeance—death! Were you not protected, Papenheim, by the sacredness of this asylum, your life should even now pay the forfeit of your crime! But I defy you, Count de Papenheim—I defy you to mortal combat, on foot or on horse-back, with lance, sword, and poniard! This is my challenge to a deadly feud—and may it be the presage of your defeat!”

Scarcely had these words escaped the lips of Hermann, when he detached the heavy iron gauntlet from his left hand, and hurled it with extraordinary force at the face of Papenheim. So violent was the blow, that the Grand Marshal fell upon the breast of the Emperor, whom he inundated with his blood. One of his eyes was dashed entirely out of the socket, and the left temple was fractured by the terrible gauntlet. His members contracted for a moment—and then suddenly stiffened: in another instant there remained only the corse of his favourite in the arms of Maximilian!

Every one present rose, uttering cries of surprise and horror. To arrest the murderer was the impulse of them all; but Hermann had already disappeared. One of the guards, who had been hurled to the ground, rose with difficulty; and the other reeled back, stunned, as it were, by the blow which

the Knight had dealt upon his head to compel him to release the hold that he had taken of his garments. Some of the guests rushed out of the apartment to pursue and arrest the fugitive at the gates of the palace ; but it was soon discovered that Hermann had penetrated into the imperial banquetting-rooms by a private door, which was usually closed, and which, on that account, was not guarded by sentinels. The Knight was thus enabled to effect his escape through the same avenue of egress.

II.

On the following morning, heralds were dispersed about the different quarters of Vienna, declaring, by sound of trumpet, that a reward of four hundred ducats of gold would be given to him who should deliver into the hands of justice, dead or alive, the Knight Hermann of Lueg, the murderer of the Grand Marshal.

Messengers were also despatched to all the governors and regents of the cities of the empire, to order them to adopt every possible measure to arrest the Bear of the Carniole. The funeral of Papeenheim was then celebrated with the utmost pomp and ostentation ; and a month passed away without the capture of the assassin.

At the end of that period, the authorities in

Vienna received the following communication from the Captain of the canton of Laybach:—

“In pursuance of the orders of his Majesty, I have endeavoured to obtain all possible information relative to the Knight Hermann of Lueg, a native of this part of the country, and usually resident in his castle which is situate about five leagues hence, on the frontier of Italy. It appears that the Knight passed through this town, about three weeks ago, at day-break, having spent the night at the house of a poor widow in the faubourg Corinthia. He was accompanied by a young lady, who sate upon the croupe of his saddle, and who, though very beautiful, seemed sorrowful and ill in health. Two of the inhabitants of Idria met them a few miles distant from hence, amongst the mountains. The horse, being overcome with fatigue, and unable to continue the journey, was abandoned by Hermann to its fate; and while the Knight carried a trunk in one hand, with the other he supported the trembling steps of the young lady whom the travellers imagine to be his daughter. They were however both lost sight of in the narrow and steep defiles which lead to the Castle of Lueg.

“Having obtained this information, I despatched a serjeant-at-arms, with ten soldiers, to seize the

assassin in his strong-hold and conduct him to the prison of Laybach. The serjeant has never returned; and of his ten companions only one has made his appearance to report to me the details of that unfortunate expedition.

“Although the distance hence to the Castle of Lueg be scarcely twelve hours’ march, the little squadron only reached the environs of the fortress at the end of the second day. The difficulty of traversing those snow-covered paths in this season of the year, was partially the cause of the delay; but the chief impediment in the way of the detachment, was the necessity of waiting till a guide could be procured, as all the peasants in the neighbourhood of the Castle fled so soon as they learnt that it was to be besieged. Their wives moreover declared that the fortress was inaccessible and defended by supernatural powers. At length a young peasant was found and induced to guide the detachment to the Castle.

“Arrived at the base of the rock in the midst of which the Castle stands, the soldiers began to scale the almost impervious road leading to the entrance; but they were soon stopped by a wall of snow, of a terrible height, which completely barred their passage. They endeavoured to find a means to

overcome this obstacle, when a noise was heard above their heads that rivetted their attention. They then saw, says the soldier, a number of bears, from whose mouths issued terrible sounds that seemed to defy the power of the assailants. At that moment the guide was so overcome by his terror, that he took to flight. The serjeant ordered the soldier to pursue him; and this command was the cause of his safety; for scarcely had he succeeded in catching the peasant, when the wall of snow gave way behind him, and an avalanche as large as a mountain buried his unfortunate companions. He declares that at the same instant he heard the bears give vent to the most terrible cries in token of victory, and that he saw them run towards the rocks like shades from the infernal regions. A profound silence then reigned around, and the two survivors of that deplorable expedition returned to report the catastrophe. The particulars of their adventure have been bruited abroad in every direction, and have only seemed to satisfy the prevailing belief that the Castle of Lueg is protected by spirits whose spells are favourable to him that inhabits the fortress."

In consequence of this report, the Aulic council directed the military governor of the Carniole to

invest the Castle of Lueg, to take it by fire or sword, and to capture all those who might be harboured within its walls. But before this order reached the governor, a more singular circumstance than any which had yet occurred, appeared to corroborate the mysterious belief that prevailed throughout the Carniole with regard to the supernatural resources of the Knight of Lueg.

In the morning after the first expedition, the inhabitants of Wipach, a village situate in the most northern part of Italy, on the left of the road from Udina to Laybach, and at a distance of about ten leagues from the Castle of Lueg, found ten men asleep, upon the public market-place, at the gate of a church. By their uniform they were immediately recognized to be soldiers of his imperial Majesty; but when they were awoken, it was impossible to learn from them the motives of their visit to the territories of the most Serene Republic of Venice, at that time enjoying a profound peace with the Emperor. As they seemed to be labouring under the effects of cold and weakness, the magistrates of Wipach supplied them with refreshments, and procured them a vehicle which transported them on the following day to Adelsburg, an imperial city, where they were immediately conducted into the presence

of the commandant of the castle. Upon being examined by that authority, it was ascertained that these individuals were the serjeant and nine soldiers whom every one had believed to have been buried in the snow at the bottom of the valley of Lueg.

No reasonable account of this strange adventure could be furnished by the men. They were each questioned separately, and all declared that they had not the slightest notion of the manner by which they were conveyed into Italy. Having lost all knowledge of what was passing at the moment when the mountain of snow suddenly fell upon them, they were as much surprised at the event as those who interrogated them. They however declared that they entertained a vague and distant impression, like the reminiscence of a painful dream, of having visited the infernal regions, and been carried by demons before a large fire, where boiling potions were forced down their throats. But they were all of one accord in asserting that they had been made the sport of evil spirits, who had most probably conducted them through the air to the market-place of Wipach.

Despising popular rumours, the governor of the Carniole determined upon executing the orders of his superiors, and accordingly placed himself at the

head of a small detachment in order to lay siege to the Castle of Lueg. He took with him two small pieces of artillery, called falconets, which then began to be employed in warfare; and he adopted such measures that his camp was well provided with all kinds of provisions, so far as the rigour of the season and the sterility of the country permitted. Having taken these precautions he advanced with his troops to the vicinity of the fortress.

The Castle of Lueg was built in an enormous excavation hollowed by nature in the side of an immense perpendicular rock, at about two-thirds of its altitude. The space which it occupied was an indenture, surrounded by walls of rock on every side, above and below, save in the opening which looked towards the east. Were a stone thrown from the summit of the mountain, it would fall perpendicularly to the bottom, passing by the Castle without touching it. From the base of the rock, and even from the valley upon which it looked, the Castle could not be perceived: it was only visible from the adjacent heights, and even these were at too great a distance to enable any artillery that might be placed upon them to reach the fortress. A road, cut out of the solid rock, meandering in every direction, and often winding back upon itself,

led to the gate of the extraordinary Castle; and it was in this path, that the soldiers, who were first despatched against Hermann, were buried by the avalanche in the manner we have before related.

Having made himself acquainted with these particulars relative to the singular situation of the Castle, the governor of the Carniole judged it to be impregnable on any side, save through the *medium* of that eccentric road; and he announced his arrival by the discharge of his field-pieces and a number of muskets. The balls shattered a few fragments of the rock; but none of them reached the Castle, which from that point could not be perceived by the artillery-men. Sentinels were posted upon all the neighbouring heights; and as the snow and ice rendered the road of which we have spoken inaccessible, and a single man could in that strange path have consequently arrested the progress of an entire army, the governor deemed it prudent to convert the siege into a blockade and vanquish by famine those whom nature had taken care to protect by so extraordinary a position.

It was at that period nearly the termination of December: the cold was piercing in the extreme; and the encampment of the besiegers was but a poor protection against the inclemency of the weather.

The provisions, which had been transported from a considerable distance, were nearly all frozen on the road. A thick smoke, however, constantly emanated from the chimneys of the Castle, and seemed to announce that the inmates of the fortress possessed everything that was necessary to conduce to the comfort and support of life. The governor had endeavoured to intimidate the garrison by menaces and threats; but the soldiers of Hermann replied only by cries and exclamations of contempt or mockery. Every evening the report of one of the falconets resounded throughout the valley, in order to arouse the attention of the sentinels; and at the same time, while a similar report emanated from the Castle, the guard was also changed upon the platform of that fortress.

Matters continued in this state till the beginning of March; and the governor was then persuaded that the besieged could only hold out a few days longer, on account of the failure of their provisions, it having been whispered to him that at the period when Hermann shut himself up in his Castle, he had but a scanty supply within its walls.

The conjectures of the governor seemed to be verified, when, after more than three months' siege, or rather blockade, he one morning espied a white

standard hoisted upon the banner-staff at the extremity of the road leading to the Castle, and several individuals, unarmed nearit, agitating their kerchiefs. Persuaded that the besieged were about to capitulate, the governor despatched two of his officers to receive the heralds and conduct them to the camp. At that moment four men, accompanying a species of intendant, and carrying four enormous baskets amongst them, descended into the valley. Having deposited their burthens at the foot of the rock, the intendant presented to the two officers a despatch for the governor, and retired with his four followers.

The baskets and the despatch were carried to the camp. The document consisted of a letter from Hermann, in which he counselled the governor to abandon an expedition which could only terminate in the death of himself and his army through the severity of the cold, as he would never succeed in reducing a Castle defended by a power more potent than the sovereign who had despatched him against it. He moreover deplored the privations to which he (the governor) and his troops must necessarily be subjected, and begged him to accept the little present which he had forwarded, promising to renew it, during the remainder of the bad season, as often

as the governor would do him the honour to accept of fresh supplies.

This singular epistle being read, the baskets were opened. The first was filled with Cyprus wines, Italian liqueurs, and excellent pastry ; the second contained fish which had evidently only been caught within a few hours ; in the third were the finest oranges and lemons the eye could wish to behold ; and the fourth was filled with green vegetables, salads just gathered, and strawberries and raspberries in the full maturity of ripeness.

The surprise, which was occasioned by this extraordinary supply, was soon succeeded throughout the encampment by a conviction that the Knight of Lueg was assisted by supernatural powers, and that all attempts to capture the Castle would be vain. In the course of a few days, the governor, having thought it prudent to accept the offer of Hermann relative to a farther supply of provisions, made known his desire ; and in a short time the intendant and the men again appeared, with the four quarters of a bullock and twelve lambs, already roasted. The soldiers again declared their belief that the Castle was protected by unearthly agents ; and a mutiny amongst the imperial troops was to be dreaded

hourly, if the blockade were not raised. The governor, however, did not agree with the army in their opinion concerning the secret powers which protected the Castle; and, after a short and private conversation with the intendant, he wrote a despatch to Vienna, in which he stated his conviction of being shortly enabled to accomplish his purpose, and reduce the castle.

III.

The inclement season drew near its end. The snows still covered the whole region of the Julian Alps, amongst which the Castle of Lueg was situate—the streamlets and the lakes were still frozen there,—but at the southern foot of the chain, the soil of Italy began to array itself with verdure. While the wood-cutters of the Carniole remained still shut up in their smoky cabins, the farmers on the banks of the Italian rivers, at a little distance only, hastened to the fields, with the first rays of the sun of March, in order to resume their rustic labours.

In the little town of Gorice, the principal place in that happy region, there had lived for a number of years a worthy disciple of Æsculapius, who, in the peaceable exercise of his art, had acquired the esteem and veneration of all around. Doctor Bel-

garbo really merited the reputation which he had obtained. Beneath an exterior which was somewhat of the rudest, he concealed a heart filled with philanthropy and rectitude: he was not only a talented physician,—he was also an excellent friend, and in cases of emergency a discreet and prudent adviser.

Towards the end of Lent, in the year which marked the events that form the subject of this narrative, a domestic in rich livery, mounted upon one horse and conducting another magnificently caparisoned, stopped one morning at the gate of the doctor's abode. He was the bearer of a letter, written in the most pressing terms, and requesting Belgarbo to proceed immediately to a castle situate in the neighbourhood of Idria, to minister his aid to a young lady of distinction, who was grievously indisposed. Accustomed to such demands, Belgarbo enveloped himself in his cloak, put his little case of instruments into his pocket, gave some orders to an apprentice who was used to supply his place during his absence, leapt upon the horse that waited for him, and took with his guide the road which led into Austria.

At the end of several hours they passed through the village of Wipach; and towards the evening they

arrived at the extremity of the valley, at the foot of the high mountains which must be passed in order to reach the Carniole.

While the doctor was on the road, he remembered that the letter did not mention any name, and he forthwith questioned the domestic upon that subject : but the servant was either unable or unwilling to give Belgarbo any other information except that they would arrive at the end of their journey before night.

They were by this time at the entrance of a defile which was narrow and dark, and in the vicinity of a dismal torrent over which travellers passed by means of a small bridge. The guide turned suddenly to the right, followed the course of the stream, and penetrated amongst the precipitous rocks the foundations of which formed its bed. The doctor was astonished that such a path could lead to any human dwelling ; and at the termination of a few yards, the road suddenly stopped at the foot of a perpendicular rock, from which a torrent descended and fell at a little distance with fearful din. The guide leapt from his horse and desired the doctor to imitate his example, exclaiming, " The road which we have now to pursue, must be followed on foot."

The doctor glanced around him with anxiety. The sun had just set; and immediately before him, amidst the obscurity of the evening, he perceived the entrance of a low cavern, whence in a few moments two men suddenly issued, advanced towards the horses without uttering a word, and attached the reins to the roots which hung from the rocks. The aspect of their leathern gaiters, their caps made of the skins of wild boars, and their buff jerkins, led the doctor at first to imagine that they were miners who dwelt in the Carniole: but, besides this singularity of attire, they wore upon their shoulders cloaks formed of the hides of bears which descended to their waists.

In the meantime, the domestic struck a light; and the two men, having provided themselves with a couple of torches, desired Belgarbo to follow them into the subterranean cavern. The doctor was a man of courage; and without being at all intimidated by the strangeness of his situation, he said to the messenger who had conducted him from Gorice, "I came to tender my professional aid to a young lady in a castle, and not to penetrate with strangers into a dreary cavern. I shall therefore at once return to mine own home, unless you will vouchsafe to explain

the object for which my presence is desired—the place whither you are leading me—and the names of the individuals who demand my succour.”

“You would be wrong,” answered the guide in a tone of politeness, “to yield to your fears. You are in no danger—the master, whom I serve, throws himself upon *your* mercy, since I have brought you without the slightest precaution into a place with which it is highly important for him that no stranger should be acquainted. My orders are to conduct you to his presence—but to use no violence. If you persist in refusing to follow me, I shall be under the painful necessity of leading you back to Gorice, upon the sole condition that you pledge yourself solemnly never to reveal to a soul the secret of this path. But, believe me, you would do much better to proceed on your journey, and you will not have to repent the confidence you repose in him whom I serve. My master is generous, and a liberal reward will remunerate your services, beside the duty which humanity entails upon you to succour a young and beautiful lady who is at this moment in the greatest possible danger.”

During this long harangue, the doctor, who attentively examined the calm features and the

unruffled countenance of the individual that addressed him, felt his repugnance to continue the journey diminish by degrees; and these last words determined him to proceed. Although arrived at a mature age, the idea of a young and suffering female invariably excited in him the most lively interest, to which was now added a sentiment of curiosity. He accordingly informed his guides that he was ready to follow them.

They entered the cavern: one of the two miners went first with a torch in his hand; and the other carried a small plank which was destined to serve as a bridge across the hollows which in many places intersected the road. The doctor walked next, and the domestic, with the other torch in his hand, closed the march.

In the course of a few minutes, the subterranean passage appeared to be terminated by a huge block of stone, which seemed to form a species of door. This the miners succeeded in turning round, after a great deal of difficulty; for the block of stone moved upon pivots concealed in the ground beneath and the arch above; and the opening revealed a small and narrow passage, along which the cavalcade was obliged to proceed upon hands and knees. At the conclusion of this path, which was about fifty

yards in length, they arrived in an immense cavern, the walls of which were adorned with stalactites of a thousand variegated shapes, and by which the light of the torches was reflected in all directions. At the bottom of this cavern, a river traversed a fissure in the rock, over which the travellers passed by the aid of the plank. The nets which hung from the banks shewed that the stream abounded in fish. A little farther on, they arrived at a narrow path hanging over a dark precipice of inconceivable depth: thence they proceeded to a steep acclivity, which having ascended, they reached a consecutive range of caverns of different sizes, where the variegated incrustations and transparent columns dazzled the sight. For a long time did they pursue that vast labyrinth: the doctor admired those wonders of nature, and was frequently desirous of stopping to examine them closely; but his guides marched onward in silence, and the noise of their feet resounded throughout the immense excavations.

This subterranean road however seemed to have no end; and by the fatigue and hunger which the doctor experienced, he judged that he must have proceeded upon that humid and dangerous path for upwards of two or three hours. At length he and

his companions arrived at the termination of the chain of dismal caverns, and entered a corridor, the walls of which were evidently smoothed and cut by the hand of human workmen. At the end of this passage, was a large iron door, which, when opened, discovered a staircase. Here the two miners stopped; and the servant requested the doctor to follow him up the steps, on the top of which another door was thrown open. Belgarbo then found himself in a saloon magnificently furnished, well lighted, and warmed by a good fire; and a man of noble appearance hastened to receive him.

IV.

"By my troth," said the doctor, placing his glass upon the table at which he and his host were seated, "the excellent young man, whom you sent to bring me hither, was right when he declared that I should not regret proceeding on the journey, since I have found an old acquaintance—and I may say a friend of my youth. But wherefore did you employ such precautions, and make me come by that infernal road? A word, signed by you, lord Hermann, would have sufficed to have brought me by the direct path, which, if I do not mistake, passes at a little distance from the Castle."

"I was not sure that the reminiscence of our former friendship would have sufficed to induce you to undertake this journey," said the Knight of Lueg; "and in case you should have refused, prudence required the concealment of my name. As for the road, it was impossible to choose a better, the troops, which besiege me, having taken possession of the other avenue that leads to the fortress."

"Besieged!" exclaimed the doctor with the most unfeigned surprise: "why—how—and by whom?"

Hermann answered all these questions by narrating to Belgarbo the events with which the reader is already acquainted. When he had terminated that portion of his narrative, he informed his friend of all the circumstances connected with his flight and the blockade of Lueg, which had lasted upwards of three months.

"The ten soldiers, who were buried in the avalanche of snow," added Hermann, "which my followers had prepared for the purpose in front of the terrace of the Castle, were soon after extricated by my orders. They were insensible, and I had them brought into the very room in which we are now seated. They were speedily restored to animation,

and every precaution was taken to prevent them from suspecting the place in which they found themselves. The moment their senses returned, a sleeping potion was administered to each; and when they were once more unconscious of all that was passing around them, they were transported, by the aid of the three men who brought you hither through the subterranean passages, to the frontiers of Italy. My faithful agent, with two covered vehicles, deposited them upon the public market-place of Wipach, before any one was awake in that town. By those means, and without having to reproach myself for another assassination, I was disencumbered of these unpleasant guests, and the most important mystery of my defence was not compromised; for, with the exception of yourself, of those three men, who brought you hither, and whose fidelity has long been tried, and myself, no earthly being is acquainted with the secret passage by which you came, nor the existence of that little door which admitted you into this room."

"And now," said the doctor, after a moment's silence, "what plan do you intend to follow? You cannot hope to resist the force of his imperial Majesty with a dozen or two of miners and peasants?"

"I am not so foolish," answered Hermann. "In less than a month, perhaps, the ice and snow, which now render this Castle inaccessible, will have disappeared, and it will then only require the attack of a few hours to force an entrance. My project is to retire to Venice, to which city I have already consigned all that I have been enabled to save of my fortune."

"The sooner, the better," cried the doctor; "and I am only surprised that, possessing so convenient a means of retreat, you have not ere now taken advantage of it."

"For the last week," returned Hermann, "I have been daily thinking of leaving the Castle; but the illness of my daughter has prevented me. It is precisely to assist me to overcome this obstacle that your experience and knowledge are required. So soon as you shall have seen her," continued Hermann, ringing a bell, "you will be enabled to tell me the extent of her danger, and whether she can undertake the journey which you have this day performed."

The great door of the saloon opened, and a domestic appeared.

"Announce to my daughter," said the Knight, "that the physician, whose arrival I awaited, is

here; and ascertain if she be disposed to see him at present."

The servant scarcely seemed to hear the orders of his master: as soon as he saw the doctor in the room, he stood like one petrified with astonishment. Curiosity was also depicted upon his countenance; his eyes wandered round the room, and were then cast once more upon the doctor, who remarked the man's emotions, and in his turn began to examine his countenance with attention.

"Well," cried Hermann, "wherefore art thou staring about thee thus? Didst thou not hear the order which I gave thee?"

The domestic left the room without uttering a word; and Hermann was about to continue his observations, when Belgarbo interrupted him, took his arm with an air of serious importance, and said, "Tell me, who is this man? Do you know him well?"

"He is an old servant," returned the Knight, "who has long filled the office of major-domo and intendant."

"Mistrust him," cried the doctor, hastily: "I examined his features with attention, and the lines of his physiognomy betoken nothing good."

"You will allow," said Hermann, with a partial

smile, "that many years of faithful service should have more weight with me in reference to my opinions concerning that man, than all the rules of a science founded upon conjecture."

"Do not despise those rules which you do not understand," exclaimed Belgarbo. "I have seldom been deceived in their application. Mistrust that man, I repeat: I scrutinized his features well, and I see nothing but perfidy and treachery marked upon his countenance."

"I will not contest the point with you," said Hermann; "especially as I have nothing to fear from that man, whom I do not intend to take away with me in my suite. He does not know the secret of my subterranean avenue; and you yourself must have observed the astonishment with which he glanced upon you. He could not divine in what manner you obtained ingress to the Castle."

Belgarbo made no reply, and Hermann took up the thread of the conversation, which had been interrupted, as follows:—

"I was telling you that the illness of my daughter was the only obstacle to my immediate departure. However culpable she may have been, I am nevertheless her father, and I would rather perish myself than expose my only child to the slightest

danger. The precipitation, with which I was pursued when I came to take refuge in my Castle, did not allow me the necessary time to bring a woman with me to minister unto my daughter; and the poor girl is confined in her chamber, with only myself to console and solace her. From the first day of her return, she took to her bed, and refused all nourishment save a little milk and bread: the bloom of her countenance has disappeared, and her features are thin and care-worn. When I proposed to carry her away from the Castle, she assured me that she could not support the journey, and begged me to leave her to die in peace. My dear Belgarbo, her condition is sufficient to break my heart; and never could I consent to abandon my dear child!"

"Her illness must be very severe," said the doctor after a moment's reflection, "if she cannot support the removal from hence to Gorice, where she could find an asylum at my house."

"If you can do aught to aid me in this dilemma," said Hermann, pressing the doctor's hand with friendly warmth, "I shall owe you an eternal debt of gratitude. But you may now judge for yourself, relative to the situation of my daughter. The major-domo will conduct you to her presence."

The intendant entered the room at this moment with a torch; and the doctor endeavoured to pursue upon the ignoble countenance of the servant, the phrenological examination he had commenced a short time previously; but the major-domo avoided this repetition of an unpleasant scrutiny by turning abruptly away, and led the doctor to the apartment of the young lady, with whom he left him.

V.

When Belgarbo returned to the saloon, the Knight exclaimed, "What is your opinion? what do you advise relative to the state of my daughter? Is it possible to prepare for our departure?"

"A week ago," answered the doctor in a serious tone of voice, "the scheme was practicable: but it is now too late! You should have summoned me ten days back."

"Great God!" ejaculated Hermann; "do you despair of my daughter's life?"

"I did not say those words," returned Belgarbo, slightly embarrassed. "Thank heavens, very few women succumb to this malady; and I may safely say that after the interview I have had with the young lady, I confidently hope she will recover from the crisis which draws near."

"What is the nature of my daughter's malady?" demanded Hermann, turning deadly pale.

"By my troth," replied the doctor, after a moment's pause, "you *must* learn the truth in the end. But your brow contracts, lord Hermann,—let us procrastinate the explanation till to-morrow. You will then be more calm, and can understand—"

"I have understood your meaning but too well already," interrupted the Bear of the Carniole. "All my suspicions are then well founded! Dishonoured—lost—debased daughter! Execrable Papenheim!"

It was in vain that the physician essayed to moderate the wrath of his friend. Like a fire, which, after having been long smothered, suddenly bursts forth with terrible violence, the anger of Hermann increased every moment; and the only intelligible words which fell from his lips upon the ears of the doctor, were, "Accursed Daughter!" and "Execrable Papenheim!"

At that moment, the clock of the Castle proclaimed the hour; and that which the eloquence of the doctor could not accomplish, was produced by the iron tongue of the monotonous bell. The ire

of the Lord of Lueg suddenly ceased; and after a moment's silence, he took the doctor's hand, and said to him in a sombre but tranquil tone of voice, "Eleven o'clock, my friend! This is the moment when my hand, although involuntarily, dealt death to the seducer of my daughter. He perished in the midst of a bacchanalian orgie, without being prepared to stand before the tribunal of his Maker! The irreparable misfortune was caused by my impetuosity, and every evening, at this hour, I endeavour to atone for it. Come—let us hasten and pray for the soul of Papenheim!"

The doctor followed in silence, his bosom divided between compassion and admiration. He however stopped suddenly and addressed his friend.

"Will you not grant to your own daughter that pardon which you so generously bestow upon your enemy?"

The Knight raised his eyes to heaven, and then turned them upon the doctor with an expression of resignation and kindness.

"Let us pray for my daughter also!" said Hermann, pressing the doctor's hand tenderly.

As they issued from the saloon, they met the intendant, who, with a torch in his hand, conducted them to the chapel, of which it is indispen-

sibly necessary to give an accurate description, in order that the events about to follow may be properly understood.

At the extremity of the platform or terrace of the Castle, and on the side opposed to the entrance, was a vertical fissure in the rock, which was visible in the valley beneath, to the level of which it descended. At the bottom of this semicircular hollow there was in former times a reservoir of water supplied by neighbouring springs; and as the Castle of Lueg at that period was deficient in water, its ancient possessors had availed themselves of this circumstance. On the summit of the fissure, on the edge of the terrace, a little projecting building had been erected, and in it were placed a block and a windlass. The middle of the floor of this little edifice was perforated with a large aperture; and thus the whole contrivance, with the aid of a bucket and a cord, performed the functions of an ordinary well.

But during later years, this means of obtaining water had not been resorted to, because a spring in the rock itself had been discovered and rendered available. Hermann's father had therefore converted the little building, before mentioned, into a chapel, and a solid floor was placed over the hole

which had been made for the passage of the bucket. An altar was erected in this oratory, and before it was suspended a lamp that was kept lighted day and night.

Such was the chapel of the Castle of Lueg. It exists until this day, although now desecrated by its devotion to profane usages. If the description of it have been well understood, it will be seen that its floor hung precisely over the perpendicular abyss beneath. The reservoir had long been filled up, and the springs which formerly supplied it, wasted their yearly waters in the depths of the valley.

We must now inform the reader, that at the period to which we have arrived in the course of this narrative, some one had pierced, beneath the carpet which covered the floor of the narrow chapel, a hole of about the thickness of a finger. From this hole was suspended a long cord, which reached to the bottom of the fissure, and to the end of which a heavy weight was attached. This arrangement, the terrible use of which will be presently developed, was only known to one person in the castle, and he had taken the greatest precautions to veil the secret from every other inmate of that fortress.

When Hermann and the doctor were in the chapel, the major-domo extinguished his torch, tra-

versed the terrace, gave the pass-word to the sentinels, and obtained immediate egress from the Castle-gates. He ran hastily down the winding road, and soon arrived in the plain. He clapped his hands; and two individuals having appeared at a little distance, he hastened to join them. The following conversation then ensued :—

“ You will never succeed in any other manner,” said the major-domo. “ He possesses unknown and inexplicable resources ; and obtains every thing he requires by means which I have never been able to discover. His daughter was very dangerously indisposed yesterday, and he procured a physician, God knows how, or whence, or by what road ! You will never starve him into a capitulation : the choicest luxuries of the season are daily supplied for the use of his table. The only means of terminating the expedition is that which I proposed.”

“ It is very ingenious,” said one of the strangers. “ My chief artillery-officer has examined the *apparatus* with the greatest attention ; and he assures me that we cannot fail of success. The falconet shall be carried to the bottom of the fissure to-morrow evening. But the essential point is to be made aware of the exact moment when it must be fired off.”

"That is easily arranged also," returned the major-domo. "I will place my torch as a signal upon that little fragment of the rock which overlooks the precipice, and where it can be seen from below. The moment you discover the signal, lose no time, as his prayer is not always long. It is now but just that you should tender me a portion of the reward promised."

"Here it is," said the governor, handing the intendant a bag filled with gold. "A more befitting guerdon shall be tendered to you, when the affair is brought to a conclusion."

With these words they separated.

In the meantime, the Knight and Belgarbo had left the chapel, and the brow of the former had recovered all its serenity. They conversed together like old friends; and as Hermann explained to the doctor the marvellous situation and the particular characteristics of his Castle, they reached the terrace. A low parapet separated them from the brink of the abyss; and from that point they could perceive the fires of the besiegers in the valley, and those of their posts of observation on the neighbouring heights. On the left hand the winding path, which led to the Castle, developed its numerous twists and curls. Behind them were the buildings of the fortress,

standing against the rock, and appearing to form a portion of it. The cold was excessive, and the night was dark, although the heavens above were studded with stars.

The Knight suddenly interrupted his description of the Castle, and leant over the parapet.

"Who can trouble us at this hour?" said he, hastily. "Some one ascends the path,—let us receive him in person."

They drew near the gate, which was guarded by four sentinels under the direction of the porter; and, at the expiration of a few minutes, a man presented himself, out of breath, at the wicket. He gave the watch-word, and was admitted: it was the major-domo!

"Whence come you at this hour?" demanded his master.

"I was going—I thought—that is," began the intendant, deeply embarrassed,—"I thought I heard—allow me to gather breath, and I will answer your questions."

"Bring a light!" cried the doctor: "I am determined to see the countenance of this man. His voice seems changed—the truth with difficulty issues from his lips."

The doctor's examination was not favourable to

the major-domo. In vain did he endeavour to account for his temporary absence by declaring that he had heard a noise, the causes of which he was desirous of ascertaining.

"You lie!" cried Belgarbo: "truth never came from such lips as those. You lie! God only knows the motive; but I can swear that, by the principles of the science which I profess, you meditate some treachery. Lord Hermann, I have already told you—mistrust this man!"

"I am very well determined to follow your advice," answered the Knight, who up to this moment had been a spectator only of the scene. "His nocturnal absence from the Castle without plausible motives, suffices to arouse my suspicions and justify the measures I am about to adopt. Frank," continued he, addressing himself to the porter, "this man must not in future be permitted on any pretext to quit the Castle; and if he dare to leave the limits thus prescribed to him let him be on his guard, for I will precipitate him from the parapet of the rock into the abyss beneath."

VI.

On the following morning Ida gave birth to a daughter. Hermann, who had stationed himself at

the door of the apartment, rushed into it the moment he heard the cries of the innocent little being. He took her in his arms, kissed her, and swore that he would never have any other heiress. All his tenderness for Ida revived with fresh vigour—his pardon was without reserve—and the young mother experienced so sudden and great a joy, that all her energies seemed restored to her. The doctor declared that in a few days it would be possible to transport her to Gorice, if every precaution were taken against the severity of the cold.

In the evening, the Knight and the doctor, seated by the side of the fire, were discoursing on their approaching departure from the Castle. The three faithful servants, to whom the secret of the subterranean road was known, were introduced into the saloon, and instructed to form as speedily as possible a litter which would pass conveniently amongst all the defiles of that strange pathway. It was thus that the two friends arranged their projects for the future, and sate conversing until a late hour. The Knight entrusted all his secrets to his companion, and the doctor aided him with his advice to the utmost of his power. At length eleven was proclaimed by the clock of the Castle; and Hermann,

rising from his chair, and requesting the doctor to visit the invalid ere he retired to his couch, hastened to pour forth his accustomed prayer in the chapel.

As he left the room, the Knight found the intendant at his ordinary post, with the lighted torch in his hand. Hermann appeared to hesitate a moment what step to adopt in reference to that man whose presence was now odious to him; and he was almost tempted to repair to the terrace alone: but after a moment's reflection, he resolved upon allowing him to fulfil his accustomed duty, and made a sign for him to proceed towards the oratory.

The major-domo took the torch and walked before his master. Arrived at the door of the little chapel, Hermann turned for a moment to scrutinize the countenance of his servant; and the sinister expression of his features struck him more forcibly than it had ever done before. All the suspicions of the doctor flashed across his imagination, and he resolved upon clearing them up at once. While he was meditating upon the best method to accomplish this aim, the major-domo had hastened to place the torch upon the angle at the extremity of the parapet, which hung over the valley. As he was returning from that spot, the Knight caught him by

the arm, exclaiming, "Listen—I wish to speak to you!"

The intendant turned pale and endeavoured to mutter some words, the purport of which Hermann did not understand: but he was interrupted, and his terror was aroused by the violence with which his master dragged him into the chapel.

"Here—here, in the presence of God," cried Hermann,—“of that God, who sees all, knows, and punishes all, when punishment is due,—here, in the sight of heaven, shalt thou answer my question; and if thou wilt swear, by all thine hopes of future happiness that thou art not a traitor, I will restore thee the confidence thou hast now lost!"

"Here! never—never!" exclaimed the intendant, in a lamentable tone of voice.

"Thou shalt swear!" cried Hermann, dragging the agonized major-domo into the chapel with irresistible force.

"Let us fly! let us fly!" said the wretched man: "Oh! let us leave this place—and you shall know all!"

"Ah! wretch," ejaculated Hermann; "then thou didst betray me! Pursue thy confession—here—before God, who hears all thou sayest!"

The major-domo was overcome with terror, and his hair stood on end.

"I am guilty," said he, "but let us fly, or we are both lost! The abyss is about to open beneath us."

But all his efforts were vain! The Knight, persuaded that the test, to which he had put his domestic, was successful, and attributing the despair of the unfortunate wretch to a species of religious terror, retained him in his grasp and compelled him to kneel before the altar.

At that moment a terrible explosion was heard at the foot of the rock.

The lamp in the chapel was extinguished, and a deep silence succeeded that ominous din. At the expiration of a few minutes, the sentinel, who was on duty near the chapel, thought that sounds of moaning and agony fell upon his ears, and an alarm was immediately given. Several of the inmates of the Castle ran to the chapel, and a terrible spectacle met their eyes.

Hermann was stretched dead upon the floor: the falconet's ball, the direction of which had been assured by the guidance of the cord with the weight at the end of it, had passed through his body. A splinter, detached from the wooden work of the altar

by the fatal missile, had penetrated the bowels of the major-domo, and lacerated his stomach in a frightful manner. The pieces of gold, the fruit of his crime which he had concealed in his garments, were dispersed and scattered about, and some had entered the gaping wound of their owner. In spite of all the skill of Belgarbo, he died at the expiration of an hour in the midst of the most horrible torments, after having confessed the perfidious means which he had adopted to accomplish the assassination of his master.



Sixteen years after the catastrophe which we have just related, the ward of doctor Belgarbo—a young and beautiful girl whose accomplishments were numerous, and whose dower was considerable, but whose origin was involved in mystery, was espoused by Marco Zampieri, the only son of one of the richest merchants in Venice,

CHAPTER VII.

CHARLES NODIER.

Of all French writers, none is so perfectly indifferent to the great reputation which he has acquired by his literary labours as Charles Nodier. He shuns the applause of his friends, and cares not for the favourable opinion of criticism: he wrote originally only to please himself, and was more satisfied when he had accomplished that aim than when he had succeeded in pleasing all the world. He is a literary hermit, who knows not that the odour of his sanctity penetrates beyond the confines of his own cell: he is bashful and inobtrusive as a young virgin, who perceives not that the charms of her beauty excite the admiration of all around.

He has traced his furrows in all the fields of intelligence; and the harvests have sprung up, and their variegated produce has been distributed amongst men,—flowers and fruits for the fair and young, and the more substantial crops for the intellectual and the studious. He has divided his attention amidst all matters of enquiry, study, speculation, and research: he is well versed in all sciences—he is an adorer of the arts—abstruse learning is his delight—and every branch of controversy has been contemplated by him. We might fancy his studio to be a library, a laboratory, a nursery for rare plants, with a shelf for astronomical instruments, a corridor leading out of it for choice pictures, the margins of which are filled with his copious annotations. The versatility of his genius is extraordinary; and his writings bear testimony not only to the profundity of his knowledge on all matters, but to the extent of his memory, for he introduces allusions or remarks which though skilfully borrowed from others, still acquire a fresh charm or renewed point when clothed in his own peculiar language. It is to be deplored that he has divided his attention so extensively amongst such a host of subjects; for had he only pursued the study of one or two, in either branch of literature which he

might have chosen, he would have shone as a master and a peerless proficient. We do not however mean to infer, that, on account of having applied himself to every thing, he knows nothing perfectly, and can boast of a mere superficial acquaintance with all subjects: on the contrary—he is shallow in no respect; but he does not compress within *one* volume all he knows of *one* branch of study.

Every one has read his romances; and every one has been charmed with the simplicity of his style, the elegance of his diction, the eloquence of his language, and the pathos which he weaves into his narrative. His tales appeal to the inmost feelings of the heart, and, while we peruse them, we seem to be contemplating the different phases of a mind fraught with every virtue and every sentiment of purity and nobleness. He is melancholy even in his gayest moments; and the vivacity which characterises the generality of his countrymen, is not to be found in his writings. At the same time he is neither tame nor insipid; but he is calm, dignified, and yet full of simplicity. He is the votary—the enthusiastic adorer—the child of sentiment: he resembles not other authors,—no comparison can be instituted between him and his brother-writers,—his books are isolated spots in the world of literature, where

the flowers, the fruits, and the human beings are not the same as those that exist in other regions.

That Charles Nodier understands himself—or, in other words, that he appreciates his own peculiarity—is to be inferred from the very zeal with which he courts seclusion and avoids the applauses of the world. He properly feels his own value, without assuming the slightest sentiment of vanity,—he is deeply learned, without exhibiting the least degree of pedantry. He does not condemn that world whose praises he shuns—he does not despise those critics whose articles he will not read,—nor does he feel disappointed because he has not been altogether understood. He is naturally meek and modest, without pretension, and without affectation of a bashfulness which he does not really feel. He does not feign indifference to that renown which many so greedily court, in order to acquire additional praise for his very forbearance and reserve: his natural apathy must not be confounded with a hypocritical assumption of modesty, nor with an affected meekness put on to encompass an interested purpose.

Charles Nodier tells a tale in so winning and fascinating a manner, that it rather seems to issue from the rosy lips of beauty than from the pen of

the romance-writer. He has learnt how to invest his novels with that interest which, in spite of their almost total absence of any regular plot or connected chain of incidents, still compels the reader to peruse them to the end. This is the result of an art entirely plastic, and which few can even study with any chance of producing the desired effect. His principal tales are written in the shape of letters; and thus, destitute of incident as they are, and with an unpopular mechanical arrangement in their disfavour at the outset, the language of their author must be witching indeed to attract the notice and secure the admiration of thousands and tens of thousands of readers.

It is not an usual occurrence in the literary world for a writer of novels to become an editor of dictionaries; and yet Charles Nodier suddenly turned from the pathos of romance to the etymology of language. His works of fiction are, *Le Peintre de Saltsbourg*, *Réveries*, *Adèle*, *Madame de Marsan*, *Souvenirs de Jeunesse*, *Trilby*, *Jean Sbogar*, *Le Dernier Banquet*, *Thérèse Aubert*, and *Le dernier Chapitre de —*. His works of research and learning are, *Le Dictionnaire des Onomatopées*, *Examen Critique des Dictionnaires de la Langue Française*, and *Questions de Littérature Legale*.

Of the latter class of works we shall say nothing more than that they are worthy of the pen from which they emanated, and for the use of that Academy for which they were designed; but of the former we shall observe, that *Thérèse Aubert* is by far the best. The concluding portion is striking and even grand. A lover visits his mistress upon the bed of sickness, and in a chamber where the windows are darkened. Relatives and physicians surround the couch, and the young man for the first time learns that the malady which has brought his much-beloved to the door of death, destroyed her beauty, and robbed her of the charms which at first fascinated his heart, was the small-pox! He however essays to soothe her, and promises to be faithful to her as long as she may live. She receives his vows with gratitude and with tears, and whispers to him that the terrible malady has deprived her of the blessing of sight. He believes that pain and grief have filled her imagination with that and other illusions: but she takes his fingers and presses them upon her closed eye-lids. Alas! the flesh yields—the balls were no longer in their orbits beneath!

Charles Nodier is also a poet, and the charms of Nature delight his impassioned mind. He loves to contemplate the wide world, with its seas, its fertile

lands, its crowded cities, and its naked desarts. He admires the ocean and the earth as the poet only *can* admire them; and he suffers his imagination to wander from one to the other in all the enthusiasm of surprise and delight,—to sport with the waves, those hills of the ocean, and the hills, those waves of the earth! Alas! France has made a great sacrifice to its halls of learning and science, in yielding up to them its promising romancist and its impassioned poet!

The following singular paper, extracted from a miscellaneous collection of tales by various writers, will enable the reader to judge of the style of the author under notice.

BLUE-STOCKINGS.

In the year 1793, there resided at Besançon an idiot, whom all my fellow-countrymen that have the misfortune to be of the same age as myself, recollect as well as I. His name was Jean-François T——; but he was usually called Jean-François Blue-Stockings by the impudent scholars and lower orders of the people, because he wore the articles which procured for him the ignoble distinction. He was a young man between twenty-four and twenty-five years of age; and, if I do not mistake, his figure

was tall and well-modelled. His countenance was the most noble that can be imagined. His black and luxuriant hair, without powder, and which he parted over his pale forehead, his thick eye-brows, his large expressive eyes, full of tenderness and a softness of expression which were alone moderated by a certain habit of gravity, the regularity of his handsome features, and the almost angelic sweetness of his smile, composed the chief characteristics of a being that ought to have inspired with sentiments of commiseration and respect the bosoms of that multitude which invariably follow with shouts of laughter the one who happens to be the victim to the most touching of human infirmities.

"It is Jean-François Blue-Stockings," said one to the other, elbowing each his way to obtain a glimpse of the young man. "He belongs to a respectable family, has never said an evil word of a soul, and has gone mad, I am told, on account of being too learned. He took to study to wean his mind from the reminiscence of an unpropitious love."

But Jean-François pursued his way without paying the slightest attention to a single individual; for that eye, which I could never find words to depict, was not turned towards the horizon; it was incessantly raised to heaven. And with the heavens

did the man of whom I am writing (for he was a visionary) seem to hold intercourse, the only indications of which were the perpetual movements of his lips.

The costume of this poor creature was in sooth of a nature to excite the laughter of the multitude, and especially of strangers. Jean-François was the son of a worthy tailor who resided in the Rue d'Anvers and who had spared nothing to complete the education of his boy, because the greatest promises were held out by the incipient talents of the object of all this care, and because his father was anxious to make a parson of him, feeling convinced in his own mind that his son would eventually wear a mitre. Jean was the first in all the classes of the various branches of study: and the learned Abbé Barbelonet, the Quintilian of our fathers, invariably enquired, when he visited Besançon, after his favourite pupil. But, alas! the excellent Abbé eventually saw that the promising youth had emerged from the man of genius into the despised idiot—the laughing-stock of the crowd—the degraded and degenerate lunatic! The old tailor, who had several other children, was obliged to circumscribe the allowances set apart for the use of Jean-François; and although the young man was still maintained with decency,

his father could only provide him with those garments which accident or hazard threw in his way as bargains, or with the attire which his brothers had cast off, and which was patched up for him. This style of garb, which was far from being in keeping with the excellence of his figure, and which retained the poor youth in a species of scabbard ready to burst open,—while the short sleeves of his green frock-coat suffered a considerable portion of his wrists to be perceived,—presented to the eye of the observer something sadly ridiculous. His breeches, which fitted like leather to his legs, even when carefully stretched to their full extent, could with difficulty reach the blue-stockings whence the young man had acquired his popular surname. His three-cornered hat—that covering which is essentially ridiculous for all the world—gathered from the manner in which Jean-François wore it upon his poetic and majestic brow, an additional air of absurdity and ludicrousness. Were I to exist a thousand years, I should never forget either the grotesque appearance or the singular set of the three-cornered hat worn by Jean-François Blue-Stockings.

One of the most remarkable peculiarities of this young man, was that he was only irrational in those conversations which are without importance and

which turn upon trivial subjects. When he was accosted by an individual who spoke to him concerning the rain, the fine weather, the theatre, the newspaper, the scandal of the town, or the affairs of the nation, he listened with attention and answered politely: but the words which fell from his lips pressed so rapidly one upon another, that they became confused ere he had terminated the first sentence, and he essayed in vain to collect in one focus his scattered ideas. He however continued his discourse, becoming more unintelligible as he proceeded, and substituting for the phraseology of a rational being the unmeaning prattling of an infant who knows not the value of words, or the talkativeness of an old man who has forgotten their meaning.

And then every one laughed; and Jean-François held his peace, but without manifesting the slightest signs of resentment; and his large black eyes were raised to heaven as if they could thence call down inspirations more worthy of him who had fixed all his ideas and sentiments upon a region which belongs not to this world.

But it was not the same when the conversation turned upon subjects of ethics, science, or deep interest. Then the rays, so divergent and so scattered

of that diseased intellect, concentrated themselves suddenly into one focus, like the beams of the sun in the lens of Archimedes, and shed such effulgence upon his discourse, that no one would have believed in the idiocy and insanity of Jean-François Blue-Stockings. The most difficult problems of the most exact sciences, all of which he had made his particular study, were for him only a means of sport; and the solution travelled so rapidly from his brain to his mouth, and from his mouth to the ears of his audience, that it was almost supposed to be rather the effect of a mechanical operation, subject to the impulse of a spring, than the result of reflection and calculation. It seemed to those who were then listening to him, and who were worthy of hearing his observations, that they were before a great master, the chief of a sect: but a moment's abstraction from the delusion into which his powerful language had plunged their imaginations, convinced them that they were only in the presence of a poor idiot in blue-stockings, who was incapable of sustaining a conversation with the lower orders of the people.

As the Rue d'Anvers led to the College, not a day passed on which I did not traverse that street at least four times, to come and go. But it was only in the middle of the day, and when the sun

beamed brightly from his seat above, that I was sure of finding Jean-François, seated upon a little bench before his father's door, and generally in the midst of a crowd of foolish young scholars who amused themselves with the incoherent language of the unfortunate youth. Even at a considerable distance I was warned of all that was passing, by immoderate shouts of laughter; and when I reached the spot where he was seated, with my dictionaries under my arm, I had a considerable degree of trouble in making my way up to him. But I always experienced a new sentiment of pleasure in his presence; because young as I was, I fancied that I had surprised the secret of his double existence, and I resolved to clear up my doubts in reference to that notion by a more attentive observation.

One evening in the middle of Autumn, when the weather was gloomy and threatening, the Rue d'Anvers, which was never much frequented, was altogether deserted, save by two individuals,—and they were Jean-François and myself. He was seated on his bench, without movement, and, according to custom, with his eyes raised to heaven. I advanced gently towards his bench, in order not to disturb him; and bending over him, when I fancied that he

had heard the tread of my steps, I said, "What! you are all alone!"

This observation was made without the slightest reflection; for I seldom accosted him with words, save to request an explanation of some aorist, or logarithm, hypotenuse, trope, or some difficulty which occurred to me in the pursuit of my studies. But the moment I had uttered the above observation I bit my lips, annoyed that they had given vent to a remark which made the singular young man fall as it were from heaven to earth, and brought him back to those frivolities, the utterance of which from his lips I never heard without feelings of regret and pain.

"Alone!" cried Jean-François, seizing my arm: "it is only the foot who is alone—it is only the blindman who does not see—and it is only the paralytic one whose failing limbs cannot support themselves upon the elements."

He then continued to discourse in obscure phrases which I should like much to remember, because they might have possessed greater significance than I then attached to them. He rose to depart—but I was determined to stop him; and I well knew the nature of that wand which could cast off the spells of his enchantments.

"Is it possible," said I, "that the planets are inhabited, as M. de Fontenelle thought, and that you sustain a secret intercourse with the denizens of those worlds, like the Count de Gabalis?" and I smiled with complacency at this exhibition of my learning.

Jean François smiled also, and gazed kindly upon me as he asked, "Do you know what a planet is?"

"I suppose that it is a world which more or less resembles our own," said I.

"And what is a world?" cried he, "do you know?"

"A great body," was my reply, "which regularly accomplishes certain evolutions in space."

"And space—have you the faintest idea of what that is?" was the next question.

"Wait," I exclaimed; "I must recal my definitions to memory! Space is a subtile and infinite *medium*, in which the stars and worlds revolve."

"Well—and what are the stars and worlds in reference to space?"

"Probably, miserable atoms, which are lost in space, as dust is in the air."

"And the matter of which the stars are composed?" said the young man,—“what relation do

you imagine it to bear to the matter which fills all space?"

"What answer can I make you?" said L. "There is no language by which I can express a comparison between such a gross body and an element so pure."

"And do you suppose, child," cried Jean-François, "that the Almighty Creator of everything, who has given to the grosser bodies millions of inhabitants—imperfect certainly, but still all animated, like you and like me—has left the realms of space untenanted by aught existing?"

"I shall never be able to understand this subject," cried I enthusiastically. "But I think, that in the same way as we are much superior, in reference to the subtilty of our organization, to the matter with which we are more or less connected, the inhabitants of space must also be superior to the subtile matter which envelops them. Still how can I understand so great a mystery?"

"By learning to see those inhabitants!" replied Jean-François.

At the same moment his head fell back against the wall near which he was seated—his eyes resumed their fixed look upwards, and his lips moved as before.

I retired from motives of delicacy: but scarcely

had I proceeded ten paces down the street, when I heard his father and mother endeavouring to persuade him to return into the house, as the weather was becoming more and more threatening. He submitted, according to custom, to their slightest wishes; but his relapse into the real world was always accompanied by that incoherent effusion of words which made him the object of diversion to all the neighbours.

I reflected, as I walked along, whether it were not possible for Jean-François to possess two souls—the one belonging to the world in which we live, and the other a spirit that purified itself in that space into which he penetrated through the *medium* of his thoughts. I entangled myself in the mazes of this theory, and should probably increase my embarrassment were I to contemplate it again.

I returned home more pre-occupied and thoughtful than I should have felt even if my kite had been torn away from me, or my sling had cast a stone into the gardens of M. de Grosbois from the Rue des Cordeliers. My father questioned me relative to my emotions, and to him I never uttered an untruth.

“I thought,” said he, “that these reveries” (for I

had related to him, without omitting a single word, all my conversation with Jean-François Blue-Stockings) "were long ago buried, together with the works of Swedenborg and Saint-Martin, in the grave of my old friend Cazotte ; but it appears that this young man, who has passed some months at Paris, has imbibed similar ridiculous notions. There is however a certain cleverness in the ideas which his mysterious language excited in your mind, and the explanation you gave of them need only be reduced to its true expression. The faculties of the intellect are not so indivisible that an infirmity of the body or the mind cannot reach them separately. Thus may an aberration in the mind of Jean-François manifest itself in the common exercise of his judgment, without extending to the principles of his memory ; and that is the reason wherefore he answers correctly to those questions which relate to subjects studied and retained with difficulty, while he naturally becomes incoherent when conversing on matters which are of too trivial an importance ever to have required reflection or consideration. I should be very much surprised if the same circumstance were not apparent in the minds of all idiots ; but I do not know if you have understood me?"

"In forty years hence I shall remember your own words," was my answer, "so well have I comprehended their meaning."

A month passed away since I had held the above conversation with the visionary; and this time I am perfectly sure of the correctness of the date. It was the 16th of October, 1793,—about mid-day,—and I was returning from College, more gaily than when I repaired to it in the morning, with two of my comrades. When we reached a certain spot, where four streets met, we perceived Jean-François Blue-Stockings standing precisely in the centre of the open space, motionless, with his arms folded, his demeanour pensive, and his eyes imperturbably fixed upon a certain point above the western horizon. A crowd had gradually collected around him, and every one endeavoured to ascertain the nature of the extraordinary object which seemed to absorb his attention.

"What is he looking at?" they cried, amongst themselves,—“the flight of birds—the ascent of a balloon—or the arrival of a comet?”

"I will ascertain for you," said I; and penetrating through the crowd, I made my way up to the spot on which the visionary stood. "Tell me, Jean-

François," I exclaimed, addressing myself to the young man, "what do you see extraordinary this morning in the subtile matter of that space wherein move all the planets and the worlds?"

"Do you not perceive that which I see?" cried Jean-François, describing with his finger a long section of a circle from the horizon to the zenith. "Follow with your eyes those traces of blood, and you will see Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France, ascending to heaven!"

The curious spectators dispersed, shrugging up their shoulders, and supposing that this answer was the reply of a lunatic, while I, on my part, also withdrew from the spot. At the same time I felt surprised that Jean-François Blue-Stockings should have fallen so exactly upon the name of that unfortunate princess, as those particularities were amongst the category of facts of which he had lost all recollection.

My father was in the habit of inviting three or four of his friends to dinner on the first and sixteenth day of every month; and on this occasion one of the guests was very late. He however at length made his appearance.

"Pardon me," said he, apologising for his ab-

sence; "but, according to some letters which I lately received from Paris, I learnt that Queen Marie-Antoinette's sentence was to be pronounced upon her immediately, and I waited for the arrival of the mail of the 13th instant. The newspapers say nothing relative to the subject."

"Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France," said I, with confidence, "died this morning upon the scaffold, at about twelve o'clock, as I was returning from College."

"Good God! who could have told you that?" demanded my father.

I felt that my cheeks were suffused with blushes: I had however said too much to remain silent. I therefore replied to my father's question with fear and trembling.

"Who told me?" said I: "Jean-François Blue-Stockings!"

"Jean-François!" cried my father, laughing: "we may ease our minds relative to his visions. So cruel and unnecessary a measure could never be adopted!"

We however learnt on the following morning that judgment had been pronounced upon the Queen,—and, two days afterwards, we heard that she had been beheaded!

My father was fearful that this extraordinary circumstance would create an unpleasant impression in my mind: he accordingly used every exertion to convince me that hazard was fertile in producing such coincidences; and he quoted a thousand instances to support his arguments. A few weeks afterwards, I left Besançon for Strasbourg, where I pursued my studies. The epoch was far from being favourable to the doctrines of the church; and I soon forgot Jean-François in the midst of the emotions which tormented society.

Spring came with all its verdure and its joy. One morning—the 3rd of Messidor—my father said to me, when we met at the breakfast-table, “Let us no longer regret that poor Jean-François has lost his reason. It is better for him to be a lunatic, than to learn that his benefactress, and her daughter—for whom the fatal passion which he entertained was the original cause of the derangement of his intellects—are no more! Those innocent creatures have also fallen beneath the knife of the executioner!”

“Is it possible?” cried I. “Alas! I did not say a word to you concerning Jean-François, because I know that you dread the influence of his mysterious conduct on my mind. But—he also is dead!”

"Dead!" exclaimed my father.

"Three days ago—the 29th of Prairial—he departed this life," was my answer. "Ever since the morning, he had been standing motionless upon the same spot where I saw him when he told me of the death of the Queen. A crowd surrounded him as usual; but he bestowed not the slightest notice upon a soul. At four o'clock, his attention seemed to redouble; and in a few moments, he raised his hands to heaven with a strange expression of grief and enthusiasm, pronounced the names of the persons to whom you have just alluded, uttered a deafening cry, and fell upon the ground. We hastened to raise him; but all our efforts to recover him were useless. He was dead!"

"The 29th of Prairial, at seven or eight minutes past four," said my father, referring to a newspaper which he held in his hand. "The hour and day are the same! Listen," he added, after a moment's profound meditation, while his eyes were studiously fixed upon mine; "do not refuse me the favour I am about to ask you. If ever you recount this history in after life, do not tell it as a true story, because you would be laughed at."

"Is there any reason," said I, "to prevent a man

from proclaiming that with the truth of which he is perfectly conversant ?”

“There is one which is better than all others,” returned my father, shaking his head ; “and that is —truth is useless !”

CHAPTER VIII.

MICHEL RAYMOND.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, a literary partnership was formed between two obscure individuals—masons by trade—whose names were Michel Masson and Raymond Bruker. The only deed of settlement that united this joint-stock company was the sacred bond of friendship, which requires neither signature nor witness; and all the capital embarked in the undertaking was a sufficiency to purchase pens and paper. The mine, which was to be worked by this indigent and obscure company, was that of their joint intellects; and the style and title of the association was formed by the junction of the Christian names of both. Hence sprung the pseudonyme of Michel Raymond.

Before we proceed to analyse the joint or respective merits of Michel Masson and Raymond Bruker, it will be necessary to categorise the works written during the partnership, and those subsequently published each with the name of its sole author on the title-page. Indeed, this step is the more necessary, inasmuch as it will be our duty to correct several grievous errors committed by M. Jules Janin in his sketches of "French Literature in the Nineteenth Century"—a series of papers which appeared about eighteen months or two years ago in the *Athenæum*.

The following works were written by the two friends conjointly, and ushered to the world under the auspices of the pseudonyme of Michel Raymond:—*Le Maçon*, *Daniel le Lapidaire*, *Les Intimes*, *Le Secret*, and *Le Puritain de Seine et Marne*.

Michel Masson, unaided, has published, *Les Nouveaux Contes*, *Un Cœur de Jeune Fille*, *La Lampe de Fer*, *Thadeus le Resuscité*, *La Couronne d'Epines*, &c. &c.

Raymond Bruker, since the dissolution of the partnership with his former *colloborateur*, is the avowed writer of *Les Sept Péchés Capitaux*, *La Mensonge*, &c. &c.

Jules Janin, having given the history of the literary association before described, and passed his critical observations upon *Le Maçon*—the first effort of its talents, asserts that “the two authors having separated, Raymond Bruker looked out for a new colleague,” and found M. Leon Gozlan. “To this second Michel Raymond,” continues M. Janin, “—duplicated by M. Leon Gozlan, in the place of M. Michel Masson—we owe a very powerful romance, called *Les Intimes*.” This statement is entirely devoid of foundation. *Les Intimes* was the joint production of Michel Masson and Raymond Bruker; and so far from M. Leon Gozlan having anything to do with it, or, as M. Janin asserts, having founded a reputation upon that—the first work he was engaged in, we find a quotation from a novel by Leon Gozlan at the head of the twenty-third chapter of the second volume. Besides—it was not probable that M. Masson would have lent a portion of his own name to a literary partnership in which he was not included; nor was it more probable that M. Gozlan, if he were at that period a young aspirant to the honours of authorship, would have suffered himself to be included in an association which deprived him of the slightest chance of effecting the laudable aims of his ambition. We should

moreover have imagined that M. Janin could have perceived sufficient evidence in the style of *Les Intimes* to identify its authors with those of *Le Maçon*. Indeed, any one who had attentively perused the works written exclusively by *Michel Masson*—especially a powerful tale, called *La Voix du Sang*, in the collection entitled *La Lampe de Fer*—would have immediately recognized the traces of his “iron pen” in the striking and awe-inspiring pages of *Les Intimes*. But M. Janin had *not* read this work with even the most superficial attention; and the ensuing observations will corroborate the truth of this assertion.

M. Janin winds up his critical notice of *Les Intimes*, in the following manner:—“When intimacy has at length exhausted all its venom, and it becomes absolutely necessary to bring the story to a close, the conclusion is worthy of the premises. Charles dies by the pistol of Edouard—Madame Millin becomes the concubine of a Bishop—Edouard ruins himself at the *Bourse*—Rosalie dies of grief, after having buried both her parents; and as to Marielle, she drags along from one *intimacy* to another, each more and more foul than the last.” Such is the peroration of M. Jules Janin in respect to *Les Intimes*; and, save in respect to the manner

of Charles' death, there is not one word of the whole in keeping with the epilogue of that novel. Madame Millin becomes compromised in a Carlist conspiracy in La Vendée—Edouard dies of disappointment on account of the failure of the adoption of ultra-measures in the Revolution of 1830—Rosalie lives with the mother of Charles and with her own parents—and Marielle is lost sight of at the death of her husband, for whom she goes into mourning. Not a word of Madame Millin and the Bishop—not a word of Edouard and the *Bourse*—not a word of the death of Rosalie and her parents—not a word of any farther *intimacy* contracted by Marielle, is to be found in the last chapter of *Les Intimes*! M. Jules Janin conceived a winding up for a book which he did not peruse throughout: it is not therefore a matter of surprise to us that the palpable traces of the co-authorship of Michel Masson escaped his notice.

From the very dregs of the people—from that class where even the softest passions and feelings of the soul are divested of all sentiment, and partake of rather the instinct of brutes than the noble emotions of intelligent man,—from the miserable abode of poverty and distress, where the fires of the great mind are quenched by the cold dews and

the rain which indigence suffers to penetrate through the roof,—from the bosom of a multitude whose spirits are broken by the frequent visits of exigence and sorrow, and whose wrongs form the subject of the lucubrations of but a few, emanated two great and powerful writers whom the most successful and proud of literary men were rejoiced to hail as members of the fraternity. With their minds still full of the dark impressions of the world which they had received in their humble dwellings—with the frown, caused by the misery of the lot of the poor man, still upon their brows—and with hands rendered hard and tough by the mason's hammer, which they had only cast aside to take up the pen in its place, did those two men commence their adventurous task. Rude and unpolished as was their first essay—*Le Maçon*—the success that it experienced was instantaneous and great: and the authors saw before them a smiling future, pregnant with fortune and with fame.

Les Intimes is the most powerful romance which has emanated from the literary partnership of Michel Masson and Raymond Bruker. Terse and vigorous in style—stern in moral—absorbing in interest—powerful in description—uncompromising in opinion—and true as an episode in the history of

human life, this book is one, which, though at first taken up with a view to amusement, is sure, when perused, to leave a deep impression upon the mind of its reader. Friendship is a coin with which one man cheats his neighbour; and the dangers of a too intimate friendship form the subject of these volumes. Charles Bouvet and Edouard Granger, the two heroes, espouse respectively Rosalie Feucheres and Marielle Millin, the heroines, of the tale. The families at first reside together; and the most strict intimacy reigns amongst all the members of them. Edouard, who is a partizan of the liberal faction, undertakes frequent journeys into the provinces to further his political views; and during those intervals of absence, Charles and Marielle, thrown together by a too close intimacy, love—avow their passion—and dishonour the one his friend, and the other her husband. There is a bye-plot, connected with Edouard's servants—Jelyot and Marguerite—which also displays the dangers of intimacy; and with the same view, the early histories of Madame Bouvet, the mother of Charles, and of Madame Millin, are likewise episodically introduced. Marielle becomes pregnant during the absence of her husband, and a child is born seven months after his return. But he neither suspects the fidelity of his wife nor the

honour of his friend ; and the premature *accouchement* of Marielle is attributed to a fall from a sledge upon the ice, an accident which the frail but artful woman had purposely effected to conceal her crime from the eyes of her husband. A female child is the result of Marielle's amour with Charles ; and the unsuspecting Edouard congratulates himself, and receives the felicitations of his friends, on the blessings of paternity.

The tale then turns upon the numerous devices practised by Charles and Marielle to obtain stolen interviews, the two families having at length taken separate residences, although the intimacy remains unbroken. Edouard releases from the debtor's prison of Paris, a young man of the name of De Lannau—a spendthrift—a *roué*—a false friend—a seducer of innocence—a viper cherished by the unsuspecting to sting themselves—a traitor—and a writer of anonymous letters. De Lannau fixes his eyes upon Marielle, and is determined to possess her : he discovers the secret of her amour with Charles, and throws impediments in the way of their interviews. This portion of the tale is worked up with the height of dramatic skill ; and the plots, counterplots, *equivogue*, and artifices that derive their origin from the schemes of De Lannau and the passion of the

guilty couple, are as singular in their effects as they are interesting and well-contrived in their details. At length De Lannau succeeds in seducing Marielle—and Charles provokes him to a duel. An accident makes Edouard, who is to be the second of his friend Charles, confess to a magistrate that such a combat is meditated, and the interference of the police is put into requisition to stop the hostile proceeding. In the meantime Edouard has chased during the night an individual who was lurking about his house, and upon whom he discharged his pistols. The stranger however succeeded in effecting his escape; and on the following morning Edouard is sent for to visit Charles, who has been attacked and wounded, according to his own statement, by certain individuals that were jealous of his reputation as an artist. Charles dies, bequeathing all his property to his wife Rosalie, save a trifling donation to Constance—his daughter by Marielle—and another to the child's nurse. The name of Marielle is not mentioned in his will; and Edouard never becomes acquainted with the infidelity of his wife, nor the treachery of his friend. Such are the results of intimacy!

The characters, which figure in this strange romance, whether of first or second rate importance,

are all powerfully drawn: they seem starting out of the canvass on which they are depicted, into real life. We hear their voices, meet their glances, watch the changes of their countenances, scrutinize the workings of their features, and follow their steps withersoever they proceed, and we forget that they exist but in the imagination. The contrast between the modest, the retiring, the tender, the amiable Rosalie, and the warm, the impassioned, the fiery, the impetuous Marielle is well sustained throughout. Every character is true to itself; and neither does the interest nor the plan of the tale ever languish through two bulky volumes containing as much letter-press as four of the ordinary English novel.

Michel Masson is a by far more powerful writer than Raymond Bruker; but the latter understands the plot of a tale better than his colleague. The former is stern and vigorous—the latter more studious and methodical. *La Lampe de Fer* of the one, and *Les Sept Péchés Capitaux* of the other, enable us thus to distribute our judgement between these extraordinary men. We should gladly have extracted a deeply-interesting tale, entitled *Gaspard de Besse*, from *La Lampe de Fer*; but as the name which stands at the head of this chapter, is that of the literary partnership, we must necessarily have

recourse for our specimen to one of the works which have emanated from that association. *Les Intimes* shall therefore furnish us with an episode to illustrate the abilities of these two authors; and the one that seems the most adapted to our purpose is the autobiography of Madame Bouvet, the mother of Charles.

THE BUCCANEER.

I was young—perhaps too young when I was united to M. Bouvet, a member of the French Parliament. He was an old man, of chilling and austere appearance; and yet there were burning passions beneath that exterior of ice. We lived at Bercy, at the white house which you may distinguish in the horizon; and often did I pass hours in the garden, alone, meditating upon the peculiar circumstances of my condition.

One evening, as I was walking in the garden, a man, covered with rags, and bleeding in many parts of his body, suddenly sprang through the hedge. He perceived me, clasped his hands together, and fell to the earth. A patrol of citizens passed along the road which bordered the garden, and I immediately guessed that the individual at my feet was the object of their pursuit. When the police were out of

sight, he rose from his prostrate condition ; and I saw that his garments were dripping wet. He had swam across the Seine, and his flesh was torn in traversing the thickets : he was hungry and sustained himself erect with difficulty. I was at that moment alone in the house, and I gave him clothes in exchange for his own, which I burnt. I set food before him—and he ate ravenously.

His name was Gustave Ducrest. The son of a smuggler, and a smuggler himself, his knowledge of all strong-holds and hiding-places, his adventurous bravery, and his readiness to plan, gave him a great ascendancy over his comrades. He frequented every kind of society. Nobles, ruined in the revolution, slept upon his straw pallet, and shared with him his black bread. He killed many of the republican troops ; and when the civil war was for a moment extinguished by an ill-contrived peace, he and a few others refused to profit by the amnesty.

Gustave was seized at Roscanvel, on the coast of Finisterre : and with him were taken several papers of consequence, arms, and gold. He was carried to Paris, manacled, fettered, and gaged ; and it was hoped that he would make certain confessions relative to matters but distantly alluded to in the documents found upon him. While he was before the judges

in the hall of the tribunal, a letter was slipped into his hands by an individual who immediately after effected his escape from the room. Ducrest read the note while his counsel was defending him, and then, mechanically to all appearances, tore it into pieces. The trial was prolonged to a very late hour in the evening, and he was then ordered to be conducted back to his cell. While he and his guards were passing along a dark corridor, he suddenly darted from the soldiers, rushed to a window whence a long cord, placed there no one knew how, depended into the street, and succeeded in effecting his escape. The obscurity of the hour favoured his flight: but, lost in the windings and mazes of the vast metropolis, and not meeting with his mysterious correspondent, he ran from one point to another—concealing himself in cellars—scaling walls at night to procure the means of sustenance—and hourly traced by an active police, that was ever on the alert. Such was the existence the poor young man had led for the few days previous to the evening on which we met in the singular way I have already mentioned.

I was delighted at having saved the life of Gustave; and on the following morning, when I carried him provisions and other necessaries to the pavilion in the garden, I was astonished at the change which

clean cloths, rest, and the disappearance of a thick beard, had worked for his improvement. I am bound to confess, that his manly air, his impressive countenance, and pleasing conversation, consummated my imprudence. I looked upon him as a victim ; and I became his !

I did not, however, immediately comprehend the magnitude of my fault. There was a species of idolatry in the sentiment that I felt for him : and his discourse, which perpetually turned upon domiciliary visits, the danger of the scaffold, a mixture of adventures combining glory and danger, and the chivalrous spirit which prompted him to stand beneath a ruin that was falling, plunged me into a state of intoxication which resembled a mental delusion. When I think of my guilt, I am almost driven to despair ; and the only consolation I possess is the reflection that it was my inexperience which plunged me into that vortex of turpitude.

I know not what business it was that compelled my husband to repair to Brest.

“ Brest ! ” cried Gustave, as soon as I informed him of this intended journey. “ He will doubtless furnish himself with a passport. I must have it ! ”

The expression of his eyes, his joy, and a certain vague suspicion of jealousy which agitated my bo-

som, struck me forcibly at that moment ; and full well do I now recollect the sad episode !

Six weeks, during which we had only succeeded in obtaining stolen interviews, had not opened my eyes in reference to Ducrest. My unfortunate love blinded me. I offered to be his companion—he consented ; and on our arrival at Brest I ascertained that, profiting by my confidence, Ducrest had robbed M. Bouvet of something more than a guilty wife. This conduct excited my indignation, and I reproached him bitterly for the theft. He told me that it was necessary to live upon the road—and I remained silent.

The day of our arrival, he took a berth in a Swedish ship bound for Pondicherry. On the pier he met some of the crew, and stepped aside to converse with them. I was afraid that he meditated a new plot ; for the heroism of Gustave did not appear so noble to me since he had become mine only protector upon earth.

A man followed us to the hotel where we lodged. Gustave told him that I was his wife ; and a smile immediately curled that individual's lips.

They passed the whole night in close conversation together. I was alarmed, but dared say nothing. On the following morning, when I awoke, I found

that Ducrest and his friend were gone out. I augured nothing good from this absence. In the course of the evening Gustave returned; and as he complained of terrible pains in his side, the landlord advised him to retire to bed.

When the landlord had left the room, Gustave took from beneath his cloak, the complete attire of a sailor and bade me dress myself in it. All remonstrances were vain. He lighted two candles and placed them on a table near the window; and a few moments after the stranger, whom I before alluded to, placed a ladder against the casement, and mounted into the room.

Gustave spoke to him in the *patois* of Brittany; but by their signs, I perceived that he ordered his confederate to walk up and down the apartment all night, so that the inmates of the room beneath might imagine we were still in our own chamber.

My lover then desired me to descend the ladder. I obeyed him in silence;—he followed me, and concealed the ladder in a dark angle of the wall. The night was cold; and we passed rapidly through the town to the sea-shore. The ocean was rough, and a low hollow murmur echoed over the bosom of the deep like the moaning of a man in the agonies of death. The waves beat upon the strand, and rolled

up the stones at our feet. Gustave seized me forcibly by the hand.

"Do you love me?" said he.

"Better than any thing in life!" was my reply.

"Courage, then," continued Ducrest; and he ordered me to step into a boat and place myself at the helm. Having loosened the cable, he pushed the boat away from the beach, and I soon saw the town of Brest diminish like a vapour in the dusk. There was no other light in the gulf than the glittering of the waves which boiled and whistled around our bark, and the pale line of the western horizon in which the ocean seemed to meet the sky.

Amidst the roaring of the wind, Gustave cried to me from time to time—"To the right!"—"To the left!" and I turned the tiller of the helm according to his directions. I wished that the bark would overturn or be dashed to pieces—it seemed to me so sweet to die in the arms of Gustave. An insidious and thick dew fell upon our garments; and occasionally a huge wave broke over us. In a short time we touched the shore once again. Ducrest attached the cable to the trunk of a tree, took something from the bottom of the boat, and then made a little fire upon the beach to warm my stiffening

limbs. In a few minutes we proceeded to some adjacent rocks.

"Here," said Ducrest, "are two pistols. Do not be alarmed—but take them. I shall leave you for about an hour—probably less. You must remain here. That fire may attract notice; but we cannot dispense with it. It must guide my steps back. Besides, those who might perceive it are as yet far off, and I have calculated everything. But at any distance, if you hear only the slightest noise—and if you see any one approaching—fear not to press the trigger of the pistols immediately. I shall hear you, and in two minutes will be here. The moment you have fired, run to the boat—do not wait for me—but loosen the cable; I am a good swimmer and should soon overtake you, guided by the sound of your voice."

With these words he disappeared amongst the rocks; and when I no longer heard the sounds of his steps, I felt that I was indeed alone!

"The life of Gustave is in danger," said I to myself; and this thought restored my courage. An hour—a long hour passed away; and the bell of a distant church sounded mid-night. I started—it seemed as if a thousand heads were springing up

around; and I fancied that I heard voices laughing in the air. The chesnut-trees, whose foliage waved like gigantic arms above my head, terrified me with the wild creaking of their branches; and unknown birds passed between me and the flame which burnt upon the sea-shore. That flame irradiated the portion of the sea which was in its immediate vicinity, and reflected the shades of the bushes in the plain on the red masses of the granite-parapet against which I was leaning as I sate.

I made the sign of the cross; and at that moment a man appeared close by me, as if he had issued from the bowels of the earth. I uttered a terrible cry, and pointing both my pistols toward him fired them together. The report rebounded from rock to rock, from echo to echo,—flights of birds sprung from the craggy hills and the branches of the large chesnut-trees,—and I felt myself suddenly seized by a hand of iron.

“Fool!” said the man, with a loud laugh; “fortunately the pistols were only charged with powder.”

I was then dragged towards the sea, and by the light of the fire I recognized Gustave. He carried an enormous sack upon his shoulders, and bent beneath the weight. This burthen he threw into the boat, which we pushed away from the shore.

At that moment numbers of people, amongst whom I recognized the uniforms of several cavalry-soldiers, hurried towards the beach from the plains behind. Their bullets whistled around us—and then there was a dead silence, which was only broken by the noise of the oars. The word, "Fire!" at length fell upon our ears: but this time we were protected by a rock; and Gustave replied only by a loud shout of laughter.

When we were at a considerable distance from the rocks, Gustave laid aside the oars, took from beneath one of the seats several large cannon-balls, put them into the sack, and then hurled the whole burthen into the sea.

"What is that?" said I.

"Nothing but a man," was his answer.

I had been the accomplice of a murder!

From that moment I was dead to everything that was passing around me. We reached the shore—Gustave abandoned the boat to the mercy of the waves, and led me back to the hotel in which we lodged. We ascended to our room by means of the ladder, and Gustave sent away the man who waited for our return. I asked no questions—I was fearful of being enlightened relative to the adventures of that night.

On the following morning, at the *table-d'hôte*, the guests spoke of the assassination of a major of the regiment quartered at Roscanvel. All doubts were now banished from my mind—Gustave was avenged! He had killed the person who formerly arrested him. The fact was distorted by a thousand ridiculous exaggerations: but nothing could exceed the coolness and presence of mind of Gustave. He asked an immense number of questions, and did not leave me for a moment the whole day, during which he took every opportunity to applaud the zeal I had displayed during the previous night. Oh! from that instant—even had I been obliged to beg my bread, and expose myself to the scorn of all those who had once known me—I should have left the tiger that thus disported with crime;—but I was not the mistress of my own actions—I was destined to be the mother of that monster's child!

On the following morning we went on board of the Swedish ship, which was called *The Junius*.

For fifteen days we were at sea, without reaching the Canaries, at which islands we were to touch. *The Junius* was not a quick sailer: built in the north, all ideas of elegance had been sacrificed to those of solidity and strength.

One evening, I was seated on that part of the bowsprit which enters the ship, and was a prey to all the melancholy that is originated by the solitude of the ocean, when I overheard a conversation which filled me with horror. At a little distance from me, the French portion of the crew, that had joined the Swedes at Brest in order to complete the number necessary to work the vessel, were debating upon the best method to seize the ship. Every one proffered his advice; and when they had all done speaking, a well-known voice exclaimed, "To kill the whole of the Swedes, would be an useless crime: the life of one man alone stands in our way. Leave that matter to me!"

It was Ducrest who spoke!

Oh! I then experienced all the remorse—all the agony of finding myself an accomplice, when I understood that a fellow-creature was about to die, without being able to warn him of the fate that awaited him. What could I do? I knew not his language—and he was equally ignorant of mine!

At midnight the report of a pistol echoed through the ship—everything was consummated—a body fell heavily into the water—and I remembered Roscanvel. No more blood was shed in order to subdue the

rest of the crew : the Swedes submitted to this treachery—but what opinion must they have had of the French?

Gustave then threw aside the mask, and I saw the man in all his real ugliness. A complete revolution took place in his voice, his looks, and in his features. His soul was laid bare in its natural nakedness! Oh! I was suffocated in the embraces of Gustave; and when he said, "I love thee!" I was afraid!

You doubtless understand the nature of the profession in which he now embarked. His first essay as a pirate was not successful. We were met by an English vessel returning from the Antillas; and it was impossible for us either to defend ourselves against a man-of-war of considerable force, or to conceal the object of our cruise. One half of our crew was transported on board the English vessel; and an equal number of the crew of that ship was substituted in its place. Gustave and myself were amongst those who were transferred to the Englishman: and by a strange coincidence, all the French were removed from our ship into the enemy's, and the Swedes were left in that vessel which had originally belonged to them.

The English were deeply attached to their King.

The event, which I have just related, took place on Saint George's day—the fête of the British monarch. We were seated in the best cabin. It had been fitted up for the festivity of which we were invited by the English Captain to partake. Excellent wines, choice liqueurs, and an abundance of punch, together with beautiful fruits, were spread upon the table. The intoxicating liquids were done ample justice to by all present; and Gustave soon appeared to be so overcome by the frequency of his libations, that his head fell heavily upon the table. The officers playfully raised him up by the hair; but he fell back again on the festive board. In the course of an hour the English were all intoxicated, and rolling about upon the floor of the cabin.

Gustave then rose, seized a poinard and a pair of pistols in his hands, ascended to the deck where the French sailors had already received a proper warning from their leader, and in an instant the hatchways were fastened down. The English were made prisoners, bound, and thrown overboard; and in the morning a black banner waved over the stern. Gustave was at the helm!

It was now necessary to change the course of the vessel; and accordingly the prow soon pointed towards the coast of Spain. In a few days we reached the shores of Galicia.

Gustave landed with six sailors and the individual of whose services he had made use in the hotel at Brest on the occasion of the nocturnal expedition to Roscanvel. On their return to the vessel, they narrated to me the details of their excursion to a small town on the frontiers of Galicia. More wise than pious, they attacked a convent of Grey Brothers, from which they hoped to obtain fresh provisions and wine. As for gold, our trunks were already full of that article. The pirates were however deceived. The worthy Fathers were numerous, brave, and strong; and, being supported by the militia of the village, they fell upon the assailants at the moment Gustave had given orders to scale the walls of the monastery. Disappointed at this sudden check, Gustave, having seized a torch, threw it into an adjacent barn; and as he and his followers retreated to their boats, they turned round and saw the habitations of the Grey Brothers enveloped in flames. An unfortunate Galician, who was wandering about upon the shore, was taken and thrust into the boat, amidst pistols blackened with powder and sabres covered with blood.

On the morning after this adventure, a terrible storm arose. The waves rolled as high as mountains around the ship; and torrents of water swept

over the deck. So far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but a vast surface of white foam, like milk agitated by boiling. For twelve days that terrible tempest lasted, and our provisions disappeared at the end of the first week. Every attempt to reach the shore was useless. Gustave was the first (he was invariably the foremost in the hour of peril) to propose that lots should be drawn to decide which of us was to serve as a meal for the rest. This sacrifice was necessary—and he hazarded his life with his companions. The proposition was accepted. The first who fell was the Galician: he was slain and eaten. The second was the man who had remained in our chamber at Brest the night of the murder: he was slain and eaten also. There was still a portion of a human body suspended to the yard-arm, when the tempest ceased; and we made sail for the Algarves.

In this narrative I have not dwelt upon my own private afflictions: this circumstance may be readily explained. At the commencement of our *liaison*, my passion for my seducer carried me on with a rapidity that blinded me to the dangers of the path I was pursuing; and I know not what feeling of vengeance prompted me to look upon my own country as an enemy which I ought to avoid. But

when this unnatural hatred was lost in absence, and when I found myself face to face with Gustave, —with that Gustave, who never came to my couch save under the influence of liquor, while maledictions issued from his tongue—with that Gustave, who did not remember that in four months I was to make him a father,—oh! it was then that my position alarmed me! But it was too late! I had nothing save the depths of the ocean as my resource, —and that would have been a crime—a sacrilegious deed—for I was shortly to become a mother!

We proceeded from one act of turpitude to another. One evening, after an excursion upon the coast, I heard the steps of Gustave approaching the door of my cabin. Instead of entering the little berth, he turned the key in the lock, and I was shut up in that narrow room alone.

I was in the midst of a deep reverie, when I heard heavy and frequent steps over my head. Hampers of wine were then broken open—bottles were thrown about in all directions—and the red juice was abundantly poured out for Gustave and his crew. By degrees, they became deeply intoxicated; and then the supplications of females—oaths—sobs—menaces—loud kisses—prayers—and songs, all strangely

mingling together, fell upon my ears. Till day-break did that terrible orgie continue !

“ We amused ourselves well last night,” said Gustave, when he made his appearance in my cabin : “ but you were not forgotten. Here is your portion of the spoil.”

And as he spoke, he threw a prayer-book and a large chaplet made with beads of ivory and ebony, upon my bed. The unfortunate creatures, whose groans and supplications I had heard, were Portuguese nuns. They had been torn away from their peaceful homes, carried on board the ship, robbed of their jewels—and of that which to them was far more precious, their honour,—and then sent back to their native shores. The vessel was now laden with provisions and with gold ; and Gustave proposed to sail for Goree, a little island on the coast of Africa. From me only was the motive of this distant expedition concealed : and in thirty days we anchored in the Bay of Iof.

Gustave, accompanied by four of the most resolute of his crew, landed upon the coast, and hastened into the nearest forests, his pockets filled with gold. At the expiration of three days he returned, followed by a troop of negroes. The poor wretches were

naked, or covered with rags, bound two and two, and accompanied by negresses who gave vent to the most dolorous exclamations, as they carried their children upon their backs. Six old men, the speed of whose trembling steps was accelerated by stripes upon their naked shoulders, closed the sad escort. A great circle was traced in the sand; and a terrible scene, entirely new to me, took place upon the shore. Gustave and the slave-sellers bargained for the human victims. The jaws of the slaves were thrust asunder with brutal violence, in order that their teeth might be examined: the hollow of their breasts was struck to ascertain the amount of their physical energies. Their eye-lids were pulled apart—their bones were cracked—and their arms were stretched out forcibly, that no defect might escape unnoticed. Gustave then counted a quantity of gold upon the sand; and the bargain was struck. At a signal from Gustave, the long-boat and two punts were dispatched from the vessel to the land, and the blacks were thrust into them. But this task was only effected amidst the tears and piercing screams of mothers,—while hands were raised to the heavens, then pure and cloudless; and kisses were given and returned with frenzied ardour! Amongst those who were the last to be embarked, were the

six old men ; and neither stripes—menaces—nor force, could induce them to quit their native soil. And yet they did not weep—those old men ! Indignant at their resistance, Gustave gave a sign to his followers. In a moment the old men were dragged behind a neighbouring thicket—and six reports of pistols echoed through the air !

Gustave returned on board, and the ship made for the Havannah. Oh ! what nights did I pass in listening to the groans which emanated from the hold of the vessel ! One morning, the ever active eyes of Gustave discovered a ship ahead ; and the delusive nature of the atmosphere exaggerated the dimensions of the sails. Gustave's precautions were immediately taken. He forced into every empty butt a negro, a negress, and a child, and then nailed down the top. Thus two-thirds of the cargo were easily concealed. The weapons, cannon-balls, and useless arms were then tied to the feet of those blacks, for whose reception there were no more empty barrels ; and these were hurled overboard into the sea. It was in vain that the poor wretches begged for mercy ; —they were drowned. They asked pardon—and were drowned ! They cursed their masters—and were drowned ! They wept—and were drowned ! Cries, oaths, curses, and tears, were alike buried in

the ocean together! There was a little foam—and all was over! The vessel, which was the cause of this massacre, hailed us, and proved to be a merchant-man of large size, in want of fresh water.

Arrived at the Havannah, Gustave sold his slaves at enormous profits. He absolutely obtained tons of gold by the speculation.

* * * * *

On our arrival at Marseilles on our return to France, Gustave one morning said to me, "You are now old—faded—and melancholy. Here are a hundred *Louis d'or*: depart— you and your child—and let me see you no more!"

And I obeyed him.

CHAPTER IX.

NATIONAL AIRS, SONGS, POETRY, &c.

Boileau declares, in his *Art Poétique*, that a sonnet without a fault is equal in merit to a long poem. He would not have compromised his literary dignity, had he passed the same eulogy upon a perfect song, for which something more is required than mere common sense and art. But so far from according to this kind of poetic composition, all the esteem it deserves, the legislator of the French Parnassus asserts, with a species of disdain, that the proud author of some little song frequently dares to consider himself a poet. At all events the reputation of Boileau has not suffered by the two songs which we find in his works.

Beyond all doubt, the *Song* was the first species of poetry that was known. Orpheus and Linus began by songs. The poetry of Anacreon, Sappho—most of the Odes of Pindar—and many of the effusions of Horace, are nothing more than drinking or amatory songs. Even the French themselves date the existence of their poetical world from the times of the troubadours, amongst whom Thibault, Count of Champagne, figures with such transcendent splendour. The soldiers of Orlando or Roldan sang warlike songs as they marched to battle: and since that period, many a French monarch has not thought it derogatory to his honour or dignity, to sing the praises of beauty. The annals of the French have transmitted to us the poetic homage which was paid by Francis the First to the Countess of Chateaubriand, and that of Henry the Fourth to his dear Gabrielle. The Prior of Coulanges, and the Abbot of Laittaignant were not afraid of offending the majesty of heaven, when they sang in praise of Bacchus, Venus, and Cupid. But the great epoch of France, in arms, in arts, and in literature, until the first revolution, is concentrated in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth: farther back than this period, the Frenchman does not care to retrospect, otherwise than for the purpose of catching a glimpse of a few bright names,

shining like stars in the horizon and obscurity of the past. He has his *souvenirs* of Ronsard and Clement Marot, for instance: but the period to which he proudly refers is the Augustan age of the *grand monarque*, when Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Boileau, Lafontaine, Fenelon, and a host besides, stamped the literature of the country with an imperishable fame. Beyond this point the antiquary, the virtuoso, or the critic have alone ascended: the poets of an earlier date have possessed but few charms for the Frenchman's imagination; and the shadow of neglect has fallen upon many a name that was famous in song. And may not the same be said of the Englishman in reference to Chaucer, Drayton, Blind Harry, Barbour, Chatterton, Spenser, &c. &c.?

Few English readers, we apprehend, are in the habit of perusing the works of the poets of the *Pléiade*, in the time of Henry the Third; and fewer still those of the Duke of Orleans, of Alain Chartier, or of Christine de Pisan, in the century which preceded them; and this omission arises, not from want of merit in the writers, but from actual ignorance of their existence. A spirit of research has, however, been making rapid progress since the commencement of the present century; and the attention of literary men in France has been earnestly directed

towards the development of art and literature during the middle ages. The best work lately published in England upon this subject is "The Specimens of the Early Poetry of France, &c." by Miss Costello.

We cannot undertake to name all the illustrious poets of modern days, who have flourished in France. The list would be too long ; we shall therefore proceed to lay before the reader a few specimens of poetry, taken here and there, at hazard, and culled from such collections as we happen to have by us at the moment. In commencing our task, we cannot do better than select, as the first specimens, the two most popular of the French National airs : we shall then place a miscellaneous assortment of songs, &c. at the disposal of our readers.

LA PARISIENNE.

Gallant nation ! now before you
 Freedom, beck'ning onward, stands !
 Let no tyrant's sway be o'er you,—
 Wrest the sceptre from his hands !
 Paris gave the gen'ral cry,
 Glory, Fame, and Liberty !
 Speed, warriors, speed,
 Tho' thousands bleed,
 Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thund'ring steed !
 Conquest waits—your foemen die !

Keep your serried ranks in order ;
Sons of France ! your country calls !
Gory hecatombs accord her—

Well she merits each who falls !
Happy day ! the gen'ral cry
Echoed nought but Liberty !

Speed, warriors, speed,
Tho' thousands bleed,
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thund'ring steed !
Conquest waits—your foemen die !

Vain the shot may sweep along you,
Ranks of warriors now displayed !
Youthful gen'als are among you,
By the great occasion made !

Happy day ! the gen'ral cry
Echoed nought but Liberty !
Speed, warriors, speed,
Tho' thousands bleed,
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thund'ring steed !
Conquest waits—your foemen die !

Foremost, who the Carlist lances
With the banner-staff has met ?
Freedom's votary advances,
Venerable Lafayette !

Happy day ! the gen'ral cry
Echoed nought but Liberty !

Speed, warriors, speed,
Tho' thousands bleed,
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thund'ring steed !
Conquest waits—your foemen die !

Triple dyes again combining,
See the squadrons onward go :
In the country's heaven shining,
Mark the various-coloured bow !
Happy day ! the gen'ral cry
Echoed nought but Liberty !
Speed, warriors, speed,
Tho' thousands bleed,
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thund'ring steed !
Conquest waits—your foemen die !

Heroes of that banner gleaming,
Ye, who bore it in the fray—
Orleans' troops ! your blood was streaming
Freely on that fatal day !
From the page of history
We have learnt the gen'ral cry !
Speed, warriors, speed,
Tho' thousands bleed,
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thund'ring steed !
Conquest waits—your foemen die !

Muffled drum, thy music lonely
Answers to the mourner's sighs ;
Laurels, for the valiant only,
Ornament their obsequies !
Sacred fane of Liberty,
Let their mem'ries never die !
Bear to his grave
Each warrior brave,
Who fell in Freedom's cause, his country's rights to save,
Crowned with fame and victory !

CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

—o—

LA MARSEILLAISE.

Sons of heroes, famed in story,
Onward march to death or glory !
For see, the foemen's standard waves
O'er fields that soon must be their graves !
Hear ye the clatter of their arms,
Their shouts portending dire alarms ?
Eager for slaughter, on they press,
To make your children fatherless !
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invaders' blood to fertilize the land !

Wherefore to our peaceful coasts
Rush those sanguinary hosts ?

For whom have they prepared the chains
That now they drag o'er verdant plains!—
Children of France, to us they come—
Those chains are forged to fix our doom!
Just heaven! that such disgrace should fall
Upon the free-born sons of Gaul!
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invaders' blood to fertilize the land!

What! shall we, afraid of war,
Take from tyrant-hands the law?
What! shall a foreign cohort's pride
Intimidate our warriors tried?
Great God! our necks can never be
Subject to despots' tyranny;
Nor shall th' invaders of the state
Decide upon its people's fate!
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invaders' blood to fertilize the land!

Tremble, chiefs, perfidious all—
On your heads our curses fall!
Tremble! your projects, soon made vain,
Their merited return will gain;
For France has armed her serried bands,
And placed her safety in their hands;
So that if hundreds fall to-day,
To-morrow thousands join th' array!

Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invaders' blood to fertilize the land !

In the darkling battle's strife,
Soldier ! spare your victim's life,
When, armed against you in the field,
Feeble and weak, he cries—" I yield ?"
Him may'st thou spare ? But, to the grave
Shalt thou pursue the chief who gave
Such dire example to the rest
That tear for food their mother's breast !
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invaders' blood to fertilize the land !

Sacred fervour—patriot flame,
Urge us on to deeds of fame !
Freedom, assist the deadly blow
That we direct against the foe ;
Conquest, may we to war be led,
Thy banners amply o'er us spread !
And may the tyrant hosts retreat,
Or beg for mercy at our feet !
Then let each warrior grasp the vengeful brand,
And shed th' invaders' blood to fertilize the land !

ANONYMOUS.

BLUE EYES.

Eyes, as black as darkest jet,
With their fire may please a few :
But the eyes that I love yet
Are the melting orbs of blue.
Yes—eyes of jet are beauteous eyes,
But I love those which match the skies !

Let the girl with dark brown hair
Fiery glances on you dart ;
Still the maid with locks more fair
Better shall secure your heart !
Yes—eyes of jet are beauteous eyes,
But I love those which match the skies !

Dark black eyes are full of fire—
Blue with softer transports gleam ;
Those encourage fierce desire,
These possess a purer beam !
Yes—eyes of jet are beauteous eyes,
But I love those which match the skies !

Rudely seized by dark black eyes,
All resistance is but vain :
Blue ones take you by surprise,
And enthrall with silken chain !
Yes—eyes of jet are beauteous eyes,
But I love those which match the skies !

Dark black eyes are full of guile—
Nought that's true their looks express :
Blue ones, like an infant's smile,
All the inmost thoughts confess.
Yes—eyes of jet are beauteous eyes,
But I love those which match the skies !

Thou, whom I've so vainly loved,
Thou hast eyes of deepest blue !
Pardon—if the black once proved
Charming till your own I knew !
But since I saw your beauteous eyes,
Those I love best that match the skies !

Yes, the truth I'll not deny—
To my mind, ere thee I met,
Far above the dark blue eye,
Was the orb of blackest jet.
But since I saw your beauteous eyes,
Those I love best which match the skies !

They, who gaze on one so fair,
Constant in thy train must be ;
They, who faithless are elsewhere,
Faithless could not prove to thee !
Adieu I sing to dark black eyes,
And love but those which match the skies.

ANONYMOUS.

MY BARK SO TRUE.

They told me on another shore,
In the city, to seek for bliss ;
But nothing there could enchant me more
Than a village as poor as this.
Give me again my bark so true,
And let me float over the lake of blue ;—
Give me my bark, and my yielding oar,
And my cottage upon the peaceful shore.

Under the purple and tinsel roof
Nothing but care did I prove !—
I had not scope for my mind enough,
Nor the charms of her I love.
Give me again my bark so true,
And let me float over the lake of blue ;—
Give me my bark, and my yielding oar,
And my cottage upon the peaceful shore.

I shall witness the sports on the fern once more,
And sorrow shall be forgot ;—
I shall gaze on the heavens that I adore,
And dwell in my father's cot.
Give me again my bark so true,
And let me float over the lake of blue ;—
Give me my bark, and my yielding oar,
And my cottage upon the peaceful shore !

ANONYMOUS.

THE BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT.

SUNG BY MADAME DE CHATEAUBRIAND, WHEN A COIN
IMRESSED WITH THE HEAD OF FRANCIS 1.

MET HER EYES.

O beauteous counterpart of him I love,
Delightful pledge of tenderness to me ;
Sent by thy lord to say that I may prove
At least some solace in regarding thee ;

There are the features that I once admir'd—
The tender look, and loftiness of air :
And when I press thee to my bosom—fir'd
With hope—it seems as if himself were there.

But, oh ! thou hast not half thy master's charms,
Mute, passionless, spectator of my woe !
The joys we tasted in each other's arms
Rush to my mind, and bid the tear-drops flow.

Extenuate my language if severe—
Forgive the wretchedness that fills my heart ;
And though thou dost but represent him here,
Even in thee I find his counterpart !

ANONYMOUS.

LINES.

When lately near thee seated in the bower,
Too quickly fled the dissipating hour ;
When, scarcely bold, my hand encounter'd thine,
Or when thy tender glance reflected mine ;
Or when condemn'd to separate in sorrow,
You fondly murmur'd, " Till to-morrow ;"—

When in the ball thou wouldst not join the dance,
Your smiles appear'd to welcome my advance ;
When on a flower your lips would leave a kiss,
And whisper in my ear, " For me keep this !"
Then if I seem'd to slight the token dear,
Your cheek was moisten'd with a tear :—

Didst thou not then my fervent passion know ?
Couldst thou not seal my bliss, or stamp my woe ?
Was not thy glance, reciprocally fond,
Enough to carry me the earth beyond,
And bear me to Elysium ? For that glance
Express'd not tenderness by chance !

Oh ! no—for now thy retrospective thought,
Scanning the past, with bitterness is fraught ;
And still Imagination must review
Those joyous days when first my love was new :
Still must you see me present as before,
And all your faithlessness deplore !

Thou canst not have forgotten when thine ear
Hearken'd the news of my departure near ;
When from thy damask cheek the roses fled,
And when mine arms receiv'd thee almost dead,
While from thy breathless mouth I stole a kiss,—
That was indeed an hour of bliss !

If in thy garden now thou wand'rest—all
The flow'rs—the plants—the shrubs my name recal
Unto thy mind—as erst those flowers by thee
Were rear'd, with kind solicitude, for me :—
Oh ! art thou reckless of their present bloom,
Indiff'rent to their sweet perfume ?

And has the reminiscence of the day,
When first I told my passion, pass'd away—
When in mine own your trembling hand was placed,
When on your cheek the marks of tears were traced—
Those tears of bliss that fill'd my heart with joy ;
How couldst thou such fond hopes destroy ?

Reproach thyself—for I can pardon yet
The transient love which taught thee to forget :
And if I lov'd thee first, 'twas you that gave
The hopes now buried in Oblivion's wave ;
And if the crowd were jealous of my bliss,
It ne'er foresaw a change like this !

BARON COPPENS.

SONG.

When the ray of morning beams
On the groves and on the streams,
Hasten, hasten, lovely maids,
To the deep and peaceful shades :
There desire your hearts to tell
If they love—and still love well !
Then, as aspens round you quiver,
And as flows the rippling river,
Pour forth your souls in thankful prayer
To Nature, as ye linger there.

If the bosom of the grove,
Mystic grotto formed for love,
Fail to please your icy hearts,
Cease then your seductive arts !
If for you the evening fine
Boast no more a charm divine,
Charms that ravish me as yet,
Then the name of love forget ;
Nor let your lips be ever heard
To utter that bewitching word !

AMABLE BOULANGER.

DRINKING SONG.

Before us stands the brimming bowl,
The sides with froth are crowned ;
The gen'rous juice inspires the soul,
And laughter echoes round,
The glory of the God of wine
Imparts itself to all :
In Hebe's hands the goblets shine
Whence choicest nectars fall.

Approach ! O Bacchanalian fair,
And from thy moist red lip,
Shrouded by thy dishevelled hair,
Rich juices may I sip.
Let tides of sweet ambrosia swell,
And rivers flow with wine :
The tables of the Gods excel
The glories of their shrine !

With tott'ring steps, Silenus now
Upon the scene appears ;
Garlands of grapes adorn the brow
That's heavy with their tears.
What though his vacant eyes be dull,
His smiles the goblet court ;—
The racy cup, with nectar full,
His hands can scarce support.

The festive chamber joins the grave—
This day may mark our doom :
The ivy, round my brow, may wave
To-morrow o'er my tomb.
Yet let not sombre thoughts affright
The soul with visions vain :—
O'ercome with wine, I'll pass the night,
And wake to sing again !

CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

—o—

THE MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTER.

Young men aud old bachelors, hasten, I pray—
My daughter is now to be given away !
If ye wish to be fathers or husbands at all,
At the feet of Celeste ye must hasten and fall :
For though no sterling pounds will be paid as her dower,
I can prove that she's worth four thousand this hour.

Celeste is unrivalled in household affairs—
Her husband's repast will engage all her cares ;
There is not in the wide world a cook to compete
With Celeste in th' arrangement of poultry or meat ;
For her mem'ry with hashes and sauces abound—
A talent alone that's worth four hundred pounds.

£400.

The name that she bears all her beauty bespeaks—
The pœony cannot out-rival her cheeks,—

No—I ought to have said the young bud of the rose,
In the language of poets, which every one knows.
Now you all must agree that to own such a pearl in
A partner for life is worth eight hundred sterling.

£800.

She studies the fashion like ev'ry young maid—
In gowns, which she cuts out herself, she's arrayed :
Though a farthing too much she'd ne'er spend on a dress,
Still her bonnets and shawls her good taste will express.
In a world where extravagant women are many
Such a quality's worth twelve hundred to any.

£1200.

Though fond of the dance, yet so great is her care
To save a few pence, that she'll waltz with a chair.
Neither concerts nor *fêtes* have attractions for her,
Nor at balls is she anxious of making a stir.
A forbearance so well with economy suited,
At less than eight hundred can not be computed.

£800.

Eight hundred remain to complete the amount—
For eight hundred more I must forthwith account :—
Oh—I have it ! Celeste is as meek and as mild
As a lamb, with the amiable traits of a child.
In an age when domestic discordance abounds,
A temper like this is worth eight hundred pounds.

£800.

£4000.

J. A. JACQUELIN.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Charming, charming Nightingale,
Happy, free, and all alone—
From the myrtle in the vale
Echoes forth your dulcet tone.
Tremble lest perfidious hand
Snatch you from your soft retreat :
In the foliage where you stand
Meshes may ensnare the feet !

Yes—though thickly round you spread,
Waves the ever-verdant screen,
Danger hovers o'er your head :—
Hope is typified by green !
Kind's the warning that I give—
Charming Nightingale, beware !
In the world in which we live
Hope itself is but a snare !

FLORIAN.

END.

LONDON :
J. C. HENDERSON, 18, BANNER SQUARE.

